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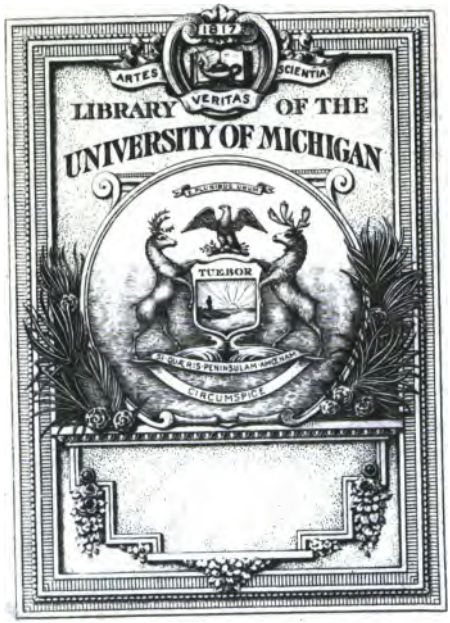
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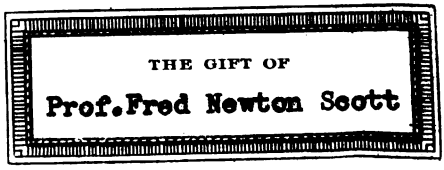
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Frank H. Scott

LEISURE HOUR SERIES.—No. 150.

A MIDSUMMER LARK

BY
W. A. CROFFUT



NEW YORK
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1883



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To R. T. BUSH,

whose vision keen saw through the Masquerading
and gave to
Europe's checkered Scene its proper Tone and Shading;
who saw
with penetrating eyes, through Cottages and Castles —
a clown beneath a King's disguise,
a Man
Beneath a Vassal's;
who
in the Old World's horoscope saw Blinding Desolations,
and in the
New World's splendid hope, the Rescue of the Nations;
who
ere this Book began became the first to instigate it —
on him the credit and the blame —

TO HIM I DEDICATE IT.

A PREFACE.

READERS of a book expect it. Whether its tone is heavier or lighter is little consequence, but to neglect it seems grossly disrespectful in the writer. As merry Touchstone in the Minstrel's story ventured his as-you-like-it observation, if "nought" is found the mustard prefatory, the pancakes are not worth consideration.

I offer this, not as a finished picture, rich in detail, upon an easel leaning and challenging the critic's lively stricture, but as a hint to them who see its meaning. This splash of paint may pass for an "Impression," like those before whose cloudy vistas linger ecstatic gazers at the Exhibition—done with a very sudden thumb and finger; one of the sort of vague and shadowy guesses into whose fabric Fancy's frolics enter, suggesting vastly more than it expresses, —to all who feel exactly like the painter! It is a kind of phantom recollection; and such hyperboles as may adorn it must be interpreted with-

out correction; I'll not abate a syllable—I scorn it!

Read straight along. A very vicious habit in reading is to flip the flying pages till something succulent appears, and nab it, then wait till something else the eye engages. Like Mrs. Todgers when she boiled the chicken, as Bailey said, who'd seen her bend above 'em, "She's got a fork and dodgin' round and pickin' the tender pieces out a-eatin' of 'em!" If true the story that precocious sinner told Mercy Pecksniff to improve his status, his worthy mistress must have spoilt the dinner and ruined her digestive apparatus.

I'm not like those who print their lucubrations because their friends advise and drive them to it. When I consulted friends and near relations they all jumped up and shouted "Don't you do it! A book of travels—it would be too prosy; you haven't humor, pathos or ability. Excuse this yawn———ing! but it makes me dozy to think about the horrid possibility!" Then, with a gloomy frown and tragic gesture, I waved them off, followed my first intention, and gave my thoughts this typographic vesture. . . . . To ask advice is not to ask dissension. 'Tis not inviting critics to be free with us, express their doubts and

throw us in confusion, but giving them occasion to agree with us, confirming our already formed conclusion.

There is a deal of humbug about travel, and that same 'tis that I have tried to puncture; but stop; should I the story's plot unravel, it would be quite imprudent at this juncture. Dear reader! make yourself a serious rover and walk with me and we will talk it over.

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A MIDSUMMER LARK.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO GO.

'TWAS jocund June. The hazes dun a fair and fleecy veil had spun, and in its folds the ardent sun concealed its rosy maiden blushes, and leafy banners waved above the prima donnas of the grove, and boys made kites, and hens made love beneath the cosy currant bushes. The morning fled. The later day took heart and put its mask away, and as, through work and love and play the tide of languid life was drifting, the sun shone out its cheery best and hastened to a rosy rest where, in the glamour of the West, the somber continent was lifting.

Time, 8 p. m. Place, Brooklyn Heights. The mansion was ablaze with lights; the eye was fed with sumptuous sights—a spot where one unconscious dallies; the walls were mirrors, and the rooms a garden of luxuriant blooms—a sort of brown-stone Yankee palace. The parlors, looking to the West, hung like a fish-hawk's woven nest above the dancing, pulsing river,

and boats, from ferries down below, bearing aloft a ruddy glow, darted, like arrows from a bow, setting the gleaming waves a-quiver.

Here, glancing out upon the bay, three persons wiled the hours away. The host was gracious, bland, and stately. He smiled, and spoke the fitting word. He pondered upon what he heard and listened to each guest sedately. The second one the converse led: stout as to form, bald as to head, feet ostentatious and aggressive; face which a simoon might have tossed, 'twas with such fissures plowed and crossed and billowy hummocks bold embossed, its decoration seemed excessive. His dexter optic was of glass; it was the liveliest of its class and made the older children giggle and younger ones in terror fly when his contentious voice was high and they observed that elfin eye jerk with a sympathetic wriggle.

He, the sea-captain bluff and bold, around the rolling earth had rolled nine times in search of wealth and found it; he didn't brag of this, but then, he had a conch-shell old and when with unsophisticated men he wasn't very slow to sound it.

The other was of average size; he had a mouth and nose and eyes, also a chin, it should be stated; it may be added, too, that he, as far

as any one could see, was thoroughly domesticated. His general make-up was composite; his dome—was it Byzantine? was it a copy of the old Venetian? His façade seemed to be Etruscan, his frieze Mooresque, his dado Tuscan; his architrave, I think, was Grecian. He was a kind of clustered column, and, although floriated, solemn and grand like Doric architecture; and it is said whoever saw the noble form was thrilled with awe. This was myself, as you conjecture.

"How so?" demurely questioned I.

"In every way!" came loud reply.

"I'm not so sure," I cogitated.

"You aint!" he answered, "wal, you'd be, ef you nine sep'ret times like me the globe had circumnavigated, I guess."

"In what respect?" urged I; "be more precise and specify" and waved my hand in my persistence towards the night-enchanted bay, where sparks, like fire-flies at their play, went dancing down the purple distance.

"Certain, I'll specify," he said; "remembering where my tracks have led this scenery here is tame and dead;" he leaned and looked upon the river; "you'd ought to gaze—oh! splendid sight!—on Venice's canals at night, on Naples from St. Elmo's height, from Seville on the

Guadalquiver; upon the yellow bay from Yeddo, on Lake Lucerne from Altorf meadow, from Perim upon Babel-mandel, upon the Danube from Braunau, upon the Rhine—if these you saw you'd give it up and say, 'O, pshaw! Ameriky can't hold a candle!"

I scarcely heard the wordy tar. I saw him light a fresh cigar, and face the flaming fire that twinkled and danced around the glowing pile of metal logs upon the tile, where counterfeited jets the while upon the unburnt embers twinkled.

Bidding "good night," I strolled away; still turning to the magic bay whose radiance made a mimic morning; where spars on many a shadowy ship with beacons seemed to sway and dip, and ferry boats from slip to slip held high a splendid torch of warning. With lights of red and green and gold they wove a pattern manifold—each vessel was a shuttle bold, and with a thread of fire was laden; it shot across the warp of gloom till all the texture was abloom, like fabric from a Persian loom or lustrous arabesque from Aden.

A space I strolled and lingered where a gap revealed the vision fair—halted my homeward step and waited, detecting, as I nearer drew, a man in black observing too—his very soul

seemed saturated. His tawny beard was long and thin; his coat was buttoned to the chin.

I wondered what was his profession. He wore a gaudy tie of red; a silken hat was on his head, and on his face a rapt expression.

We stood there gazing through the night when he exclaimed: "A brilliant sight! In all the earth there is no finer. I've scaled the peak of Teneriffe. I've lunched beside the Chateau D'If. I've clambered up Gibraltar's cliff. I've wandered on the plain of Shinar."

"'Tis fine," I said, and walked away.

He joined me, and went on to say, "Along the beach I used to stray where rolls the sea below Santander; I've threaded the blue Bosphorus and looked on Neckar from the Schloss; nothing in our land or across is more magnificent or grander than this gay scene before our eyes; nowhere a lovelier vision lies beneath the planet's changeful skies—O, that there isn't any doubt of. No traveler finds anywhere a view more picturesque and fair than you can always get from there—the house I saw you just come out of."

"'Tis very fine," I said, "at night;" and hurried down the steps.

But tight behind me came the rover tripping. "Observe," he said, "yon velvet crest

of pink and lilac in the West, where the gay sun has gone to rest. Observe the stars above the shipping—"

"Good night," I said, "I leave you here."

He turned and with a smile so queer he gently took me by the button and said, "You recollect the lines written where Severn flows and shines by that delicious bard Old Watton:

"'Stars glint and gleam
Upon the stream,
Swung lightly by a lustrous tether,
Like daisies bright
A-blossoming white
O'erhead along the heavenly heather.'"

He dropped his voice: "My generous friend! 'Twould be a favor if you'd lend me ten cents —much oblige me—very!"

I fumbled for the simple balm; found it and dropped upon his palm a dime—and tear—and crossed the ferry.

. . . . . .

To see the world—to ride the ocean—thence I was haunted by the notion.

CHAPTER II.

HOW I WENT.

I did not fly from shore to shore;
I did not swim the ocean o'er;
I did not thread its haunted floor
Through forests coralline—ah no!
I snubbed romance and strolled in quest
Of prosy tickets like the rest,
And went as other people go.

JUNE 30th.—I've packed up and started. The tour is begun; I began it quite early this morning—departed to ransack a part of the planet.

I drove with some friends to the ship—the steamer Sciatica lying and taking her load at the slip; the Jack at the mizzen was flying, and smoke from the funnel was pouring as though it were freighted with fire. To hear the wild stevedores roaring, you'd think that the peril was dire.

On deck what a riot and Babel! The bells

ring, and whistles are blowing. The visiting crowds are unable to take leave of friends that are going.

Ah—here is Jack Adams of Troy. He gives me a cordial embrace, while I shout in rapture "Old boy! I'm glad of the sight of your face!" For, hearing about his intention of making the tour of the Rhine, I'd dropped him a letter to mention a similar project of mine, and answer came cheery and hearty, "We get back the first of November; come on and make one of the party of which I shall go as a member." I telegraphed back "I will do it!" And then they concluded to go not only *to* Europe but "through it—the regular thing, don't you know?"

Next moment I find myself bowing to Dr. Anacreon Green, to Col. De Calamus Cowing and wife, with Miss Laura Lavine, two brothers named Duff, lively fellows, Will Bates, Miss Minerva Dupont, a lady and daughter named Bellows, and Solomon Judd of Vermont.

A word and a glance and a bow, a smile and the scrap of a sentence; we pass the civilities now, postponing a closer acquaintance.

My friends, the leave-takers, are chaffing with nimble predictions of sorrow. "The wind rises suddenly," laughing, "they'll put up

the fiddles to-morrow." Says one, "if there's danger of wreck, don't stay in the panicky crowds, but have yourself carried on deck and lashed to the foot of the shrouds." And so they keep talking to me, their cheerful suggestions imparting, to make me confide in the sea, and cheer up my spirits at starting.

"All those go ashore that's a-going!"

A rush for the gangway and pier.

The bells ring and whistles are blowing, and voices ascend in a cheer.

At the guards is a man looking shoreward, unmoving and silent and grim, and yonder a woman leans forward and lifts up the baby to him; and many with good-bys to utter are speechless as those in a dream—but eyes flash and handkerchiefs flutter and we are afloat in the stream.

A morning with breath of red clover; its soft clouds in cumulus curled. With the ardent young face of a lover the bright sky is wooing the world.

The emerald islands are glowing.

The wave whispers soft on the sands.

The sailors are silently rowing and women are waving their hands.

The white spires of Greenwood are keeping their desolate tryst on the lea, and the meadows

of Bergen come creeping to dip their fair feet in the sea.

. . . . . .

We steam through the bight of the Narrows and watch the fair city no more; the last of the venturesome sparrows have sped from the spar to the shore—from the perilous perch in the rigging to the vanishing beach they have hied, where midgets are bowing and digging for clams in the ebb of the tide.

O clam !
A sweet farewell I toss to thee !
Most sad I am
Thy charming chowder to no longer see
And taste withal
In bright Manhattan Beach's festive hall.
Europe appears to think it isn't tony
To sip the flavorous nectar, hydromel
And delicate ambrosia from thy shell
As we upon the balmy Isle de Coney.
She boasts of vermicelli, macaroni,
The labyrinthine pretzel and the smell
Of Limberger delicious.
Europe produces also the facetious

Monkey and organ-grinder —
Grotesque reminder
Of musical Euterpe and Melpomene —
But not a bit of hominy.*
Her dinners are a complicated trash,
And multitudinous hash,
But naught of Johnny-cake or succotash,
Or pie!
Enough to make a man refuse to roam again
And strike for home again
Say I.

Sphinx of the fragrant sand!
Thou art the stony emblem of repose;
Terrestrial type of silence and stability —
Though thou possessest little versatility,
Or eke agility,
Within a saline cave upon the strand
Thou standest on thy toes
And gazest through thy porthole at the grand
Procession of the stars,
And shudderest at the elemental wars
Thou tender-hearted teacher of humility!

---

* It takes no deep grammarian
To tell its root, a tyro can;
It comes from *homine*—"for man."

O, languid mollusc—all the graces blent
So form thy temperament!
Thou hast the slow and indolent benignity
And callous mien which men call dignity.
O!
Armed with the deadly hoe
I love to hunt thee to thy native lair!
I do not like to chase the bounding roe;
I do not care
To follow up the grizzly bear;
To fling the fly unto the wary trout,
Or hunt the fleeting hare,
Or troll for lively salmon in the bay,
For they
So frisk about
They're always liable to get away.
But once upon thy trail
The gallant sportsman's chase can never fail.
Thou art so dignified and dilatory
He only needs to follow till
He presently brings down the noble quarry.
Thou art not volatile!

From worldly worry thou art free
O, offspring of the wedded land and sea!

Thy head doth never ache
For fear that thou mayst not a fortune make—
The C. B. Q.
May fall to 92—
Or havoc overtake the I. B. W.
It doesn't trouble you!
Nor are thy pulses heightened
In the vain effort to become enlightened.
Thou'rt never taunted with thy lowly birth
By flunkies of the earth;
Thy friends do not indifferent appear;
Nor doth the bank cashier
Depart with everything that thou art worth.
Thou dost not feel constrained to yell "hurrah!"
Upon election night,
Because that Smith, or Brown, or White,
Appears to be elected—*n'est ce pas?*
Thou ought to lift to Heaven a grateful orison
Until it swell from zenith unto horizon,
On merely seeing,
O, happy clam,
That thou (good luck!) art not a human being—
I am.

Well, *au revoir!* as I remarked before—
Born of the odorous shore

Where all the Summer smiles
And sweetening breezes blow from spicy isles;
Where ardent suns are glowing
And back and forth the fragrant wave is flowing!
All favoring forces blend,
That earth or sea or sky can lend
To give to man this stone-imprisoned torso —
This savory morceau.
How very thankful, then, we ought to be,
O, clam,
That evolution hath engendered thee —
I am.

. . . . . .

Far off to the northward, Fire Island sits low, like a heron at rest, and the pleasant breeze comes from the highland and white ripples break at its breast; and inland the gardens, displaying their beauty, with blossoms are rife, where rootlets insensate are laying their lips to the fountains of life.

Our steamer leaps light through the water as smooth as a bird on the land; it seems as though Neptune had caught her and held her aloft in his hand. And yet, taking all things together, the chances of losses and gain, the icebergs, the wind and the weather, my preference is for the train.

A thoroughfare under the sea is what the Parisians propose. How snug and secure it would be, away from the billows and blows! Away from the bridges and trestles, with merely a rhythmical motion—away from the breakers and vessels—a thoroughfare under the ocean!

"All aboard for a dive for New York!" All aboard for the plunge to go back! The cars, being light as a cork, would have to run under the track; for they'd pop to the top like a bubble attempting a free locomotion, and then it would get into trouble—the thoroughfare under the ocean.

What larks in trolling for sharks!

What gales in bobbing for whales!

Seeing ghosts from barnacled barks break out of their submarine jails.

Watching mermaids arisen from slumber bathe in the saliferous lotion!

O, sights and delights without number—the thoroughfare under the ocean!

A fleet without paddle or sail; a train without throttle or steam; tied to a leviathan's tail 'twould fly like a soul in a dream. If tourists would seek for the treasure in old sunken wrecks, I've a notion 'twould prove both a profit and pleasure, this thoroughfare under the ocean.

CHAPTER III.

AFLOAT.

When violet vapors interlace
And round the sun each other chase,
While calm is all the ocean's face
As sailors scan it,
A ship is just the jolliest place
Upon the planet.

'TIS July 4th. The azure is calm and without a speck, and the nation's starry treasure is floating above the deck.

The sun-ship rose this morning from the fathomless gulf of dawn, the flash of its sails adorning the fields of lilac and fawn. A flag of fire its mizzen to the startled sea unfurled, an anchor from Vulcan's prison—the forge of the nether world. Its pearly prow came gleaming through scarlet waters riven, and its wonderful wake was streaming with the aniline hues of heaven. The sun-ship, staunch and hoary, sailed up through the seas of gold, and billows

of molten glory afar to the zenith rolled. So Neptune grim discloses his realm to you and me; and the spars are hung with roses from his gardens under the sea.

The vision of course would have its effect on me as I lie in a boat that swings from the davits and watch the bloom of the sky. I see the gray gulls hover and poise and soar and float, then fly like a phantom over, and pipe but a single note, and afar a somber mountain, with outline hazy and dun, uplifts a sudden fountain that sparkles aloft in the sun, while nearer, resting never, the dolphins come and go and tumble and turn forever, like acrobats in a show.* They seem to be sure of flying; they mind no seaman's taunt, but keep incessantly trying, if only to show they can't. They gambol along the larboard and throw their summersets high, and frolic off the starboard, for they know 'tis the Fourth of July.

. . . . . .

As onward the ship goes winging, a party of

* The old and beautiful story, that when about to die they borrow the hues of glory from Summer's evening sky and flutter iridescent—an error it is or worse, although 'tis far from pleasant to puncture Byron's verse. When dying they're always duller and grayer and more subdued. (They do not "turn" in color, but only in attitude).

two or three on the hurricane deck are singing this

BALLADE OF LAND AND SEA.

When the heart is dull and the pulse is low,
When the will dies out of the flaccid hand,
And the cobweb-brain is turbid and slow
We sleep and dream on the lazy land;
But when on venturous foot we stand,
And the eye is bright and the blood is free,
And life exults in its high command,
Oho! for the dip of the dancing sea!

When the Winter wails and the blizzards blow,
And tempests sweep the terrible strand,
And the air is afright with the ghost of snow,
We sleep and dream on the lazy land;
But when by the vernal breath are fanned
The glassy wave and the grassy lea,
And the shore dissolves in a lilac band,
Oho! for the dip of the dancing sea!

When the feet in the rut of the highway grow,
And the sordid schemes of the day are planned,
Through the languid flutter of joy and woe

We sleep and dream on the lazy land;
But when two hearts in an hour have scanned
The unknown realm of a life to be
Where the horizon rings of the earth expand,
Oho! for the dip of the dancing sea!

L'Envoi:

When our hopes we plant in the barren sand,
We sleep and dream on the lazy land;
But when the hour and the heart agree,
Oho! for the dip of the dancing sea!

. . . . . .

Our party, first presented five days ago in a throng, are fast becoming acquainted as the steamer bowls along. The Doctor can model a bolus perhaps, but he's sour and grim, he sits here moody and solus and nobody notices him. Miss Laura Lavine is a singer, and bangs the piano to grief, and Bates is delighted to bring her the book and turn over the leaf. The Colonel is good at a story; he tells of the dashing raid up the mountain steep and gory and the fight of the First Brigade.

Dupont is a girl worth knowing; some half of her life has fled, but she keeps serenely growing and ripening, heart and head; a genuine

Yankee woman, refined and brave and mild, as plucky as any Roman and tender as any child; so frank that Betty Bellows regards her as "quite severe;" so helpful among her fellows, she is called by the selfish "queer."

Miss Bellows (*on dit*) is an heiress; her pa struck paying ore, and she's going to study in Paris and Munich a year or more and finish her education, so that, in Tombstone, she may magnify her station as the wife of Major McKee. This is the story they tell us; if true, the Major would be insanely and madly jealous, on the hurricane deck to see the desperate flirtations 'twixt her and Duff at night—"a-tracing constellations" when there isn't a star in sight. And evening, noon and morning her mother raises her breath in shrill vociferous warning; the cry "E-liz-a-*beth!*" goes echoing through the vessel, like the broken-hearted wail of the sailors when they wrestle with a contumacious sail.

. . . . . .

In Cabin. Nothing exciting but reading the ancient bards, and singing, and talking, and writing, and playing at chess and cards, and sleeping, and waking, and eating.

On Deck. The log, they say, now shows that

the ship is beating the record of any day. The mate tells Betty Bellows in four days more we'll glide through Caledonian shallows and anchor up the Clyde.

CHAPTER IV.

ASHORE—SCOTLAND.

The sea is doubtless grand;
But when you get to land
You always go ashore exceeding quick.
Howe'er sublime it be,
You're glad to quit the sea,
Par-tic-u-lar-ly if it made you sick.

THE 8th.—Last night we had a blow that drove the passengers below, and overhead the wild waves went in melancholy merriment. A revelry was in the sails of solemn songs and plaintive wails, as when the slogan shouts afar its warning from some Highland scaur; or the wild pibroch pipes its call to daisied moor from mountain wall.

Our cheery thoughts are turning now to Scotland, like the painted prow that gaily sentient seems to be, and dances to the dancing sea.

The storm is past. But damp, forlorn, forbidding, dull, creeps on the morn. The pallid

ones come stealing out, and, sliding steamer-chairs about, assemble in a gloomy court—'tis Misery's favorite resort.

"What weather! Write a verse upon it, Will Bates, a triolet or sonnet or song," says Miss Lavine to him, "although the subject's rather dim." The young man answers, "I obey your royal word!" and skips away.

Returning quickly he proceeds: "Blank verse. I've done it up"—and reads:

"A foggy day. Ashore, the sun is dim;
The blue air boils you like a Turkish bath.
The cat moves stealthily. The yellow dog
Assails the clergyman. The thrush at dawn
Attempts to warble, but his throat is dry
As a tramp's whistle, and his tongue is pink
With influenza, and he pipes no note,
But to the limb adheres like a cold pancake
On a belated fork. At sea the sails
Are all bedraggled, like a market wench,
Who gathers cowslips in the corner lot.
The silver gull, but yester morn so fly,
Bronchitis suffers, and around his neck
Is wound a flannel rag. The red-eyed sun,
Spreading his damp and feathery wings abroad,

Broods like a sick and heavy-hearted hen
Upon the addled world. The— "

"Enough!"

"Too much!!"

They cry him down and strive his minstrel voice to drown, but he, not thus to be suppressed, stands stoutly up and reads the rest. Their clamor keeps the clew from me.

No matter.

. . . . . .

What is this we see far to the westward as the day brightens and wafts the clouds away? Our captain says, "Yon lilac band is Ireland's faint and misty strand—a cloud, low-lying, dim and pale, the ghost of distant Donegal."

The day speeds on.

The sky is clear. The hills are lifted into sight. Across the starboard bow appear the cliffs of Tory Island Light.

Beyond the rocks the cattle stray, and hamlets huddle to the shore, and feathery gorse and heathery spray have touched with brown the emerald moor. The laggard sun has deigned to grant its blessing to the blooming lea; the clouds have set their sails aslant and sailed into the western sea. The shivering grass is green again; the wandering bee is on his way explor-

ing all the quickened plain that felt the touch of yesterday. And Zephyr, loitering along, puts to his lip a bugle clear and pipes a resurrection song into the wild flower's listening ear—a song whose summons never fails to move to gladness bird and bee; and clouds have set their shining sails and drifted to the western sea.

The granite Causeway at the right is broken down the craggy height where giants, centuries ago, essayed their mighty work, to throw a a bridge across the waves that roar from Erin's isle to Scotia's shore. The shattered buttress still is there, facing the ocean; poised in air, amid the evergreens 'tis hung, like Tara's harp by Titans strung; and when the Storm-King from a cloud leaps down and smites it long and loud, blent with the thunder of the seas it pours forth solemn symphonies.

. . . . . .

Here, at the left, fair Scotland breaks the vision—bonny "land o' cakes."*

Across the channel, up the Clyde to Green-

*Behold the tripping verse it makes: If Scotland be the Land of Cakes, sure Ireland is the Land of Wakes, and Holland is the Land of Hakes, and Jersey is the Land of Shakes, and Florida the Land of Snakes, and Labrador the Land of Flakes, and Minnesota Land of Lakes, and Baden-Baden Land of Stakes. Perhaps 'tis well, for all our sakes, that different lands have different "'akes."

ock; thence to Glasgow glide on cars that seem to roll and dip, unsteady as the reeling ship.

. . . . . .

A night of rest. Then forth I walked and bought some trifle; as I talked, I of the tradesman asked how far it was to Ayr. He said, "an hour." And added, "Tell me why d'ye go? Burns was a tipsy lout an' low."

"Aye, aye, he was!" another said; "a bad 'un he!" and shook his head; "the pride o' mony a tavern brawl, he never lived for nowt at all! For nowt! He lived to no intent!"

His listeners murmured their assent.*

"Not so," I said, "he lived for me. 'Tis true, some blemishes there be upon his life—and yours and mine; but all the stars more brightly shine, all blooms are sweeter, and all birds more songful for his tender words. And when the land that gave him birth shall deem her bard of little worth, America, whose heart is young, will, grateful for the songs he sung, receive the precious bones from her and give them loving sepulchre."

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* The reader will be doubtless glad I'm able in a note to add that this opinion was not found as generally to abound throughout the "bonny" land as my first venture might perhaps imply. And yet the Scotch—'twas plain to see—care less for Robert Burns than we.

And so it was I went to Ayr.

O, blithe should be the summer there, and cheery every heart that turns towards the home of Robert Burns!

Before the cottage old and low, where Rob first saw "this warld below," I stand. A friar, dwarfed and gray, 'tis waiting by the dusty way telling its beads; its mossy scowl half-hidden by a leafy cowl, within whose thick and moldy thatch the sparrows sing, and linnets hatch their timid broods from year to year as when the bard was whistling near, clipping the daisy's crimson crest and ploughing up the "moosie's" nest. A turnstile at the creaking door leads us within; the broken floor of shuffling stones together laid rattles at morning, night and noon, and totters neath the pilgrim's tread like floating chips upon the Doon.

An ancient bed where Rob was born that stormy January morn.

A "settle" old. Chairs quaint and high where Robert sat; a table nigh all hacked and carved with fancies odd, where "droughty cronies" used to nod; some earthen pots along the wall, and metal pans hung over all; and waiting in the ingle there, an iron crane is swinging, where stout Agnes, loving wife and leal, cooked for the bairns the scanty meal which William

for his hungry hearth had wrested from the barren earth.

A few rods thence "Kirk Alloway"—a ruin, ivy-crowned and gray; weeds shade the path and hedge the door, and tangled briers wander o'er the ghostly choir and altar stair, and down the shattered chancel where "puir Tam" beheld the goddess prance—"warlocks and witches in a dance." The yard is set with moldering tombs, lending their life to clover-blooms that sprinkle all the lawn with snow. I pluck a blossom, for I know they mark the startled hoof-beats there of Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare.

We wander onward to the town.

We cross the crazy "Brig o' Doon," and from the shadows on the stream the Moorland Poet's fancies seem to find their wings and upward stray, lending new glory to the day.

Above the cool and shady tarn we pause beside the rippling burn where he and Highland Mary came and gravely knelt, with hearts aflame, and, clasping hands across the brook, lifted on high the Holy Book and kissed each other thrice, and swore they would be true forevermore.

Where'er the loving pilgrim turns, he finds the lineaments of Burns. His step is heard the Doon along; his voice is in the laverock's song,

his face is in the woodland dim, and all the air is full of him.

But time is short.

We turn us back and lo! along the traveled track a form lies prone upon the brae, just safe beyond the wagon-way;—a man! all fuddled, happy, "glorious, o'er a' the ills o' life victorious." And over him a woman stands; she heeds us not, but stoops to spread a tattered shawl with loving hands upon her darling's dizzy head, and whispers something soft and low.

We cannot catch its tenor, though I think its syllables are sweet as when two plighted lovers meet.

Says Miss Dupont: "The worthless wretch! she merely gave the usual warning, that he may know just what he'll catch when she shall meet him in the morning!"

O, woman! Thou art unco good! By thee our sins are understood; and still thou kenst it is a weakness to coddle us wi' too much meekness. Thou taughtest man to eat and hook the fruit of the forbidden tree, but on his own account he took to drinking sort o' naturally.

CHAPTER V.

SCOTLAND.

'O'er fen
And glen
It's measures flow,
By linn and lock it murmurs low —
The minstrel song
Of long
Ago.'

TO Glasgow now.

And then away beyond Dumbarton Castle gray, whose ghost upon the scanty heath maintains a melancholy truce above the treachery of Monteith and feats of Wallace and The Bruce.

Beyond the Tower, beyond the Clyde, to fair Loch Lomond's sunny side—the portal of the wonder land, where Highland heroes walked the strand, and seers and minstrels wandered forth beneath Sir Walter's magic wand—the mighty "Wizard of the North."

And now we float upon the tide along the

twinkling islands' side and sunny shore, where chieftains held their savage feuds in days of eld.

There proud Ben Nevis gleams afar, here Lomond frowns on Maol Mor.

Here, bleeding from Macdonald's blade, The Bruce found shelter in the glade Ben Vorlich and the loch between; hence to Kildrummie fled his queen; hence did the Norman king retire before stout Malcolm's wall of fire; here Rob Roy led his fearless clan along the skirts of Ptarmigan, and flung a shower of deadly blows upon the hirelings of Montrose.

Upon the steamer's cleaving bow stood Jonathan, and turning now he said, "This pasture pleases me; the grass is thick es it can be, though pretty nigh like what I've seen a-crossin' our Lake Bombazine up north of Poultney; don't you know, where picnics ev'ry summer go? There's lots of hoop-poles, I declare! right over in that holler there. By George! That house upon the hill looks just like Jonah Sillick's mill!" He pointed where the castle stood, embowered in Murrin's haunted wood.

How silent Betty Bellows was! Across the deck I sought the cause. Diverted;—there was cause enough—she sat beside Leander Duff, and read "The Lady of the Lake." The story they devoured; they spake no syllable; nor

moved, nor took their eyes from the entrancing book. As they approached the end, I heard a stifled sigh, and then a word, "Leander, see!" she softly said, as with a tremulous voice she read:

"'His chain of gold the king unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand;'

O, ain't it splendid!" Pausing here, she dropped upon the page a tear, and gave a low pathetic cry.

He took her hand, which seemed to lie bewitchingly convenient there.

Just then came frowning on the pair her mother, with "It isn't nice to sit—your hand is cold as ice—if it needs holding much, I can attend to that myself, young man!"

But when we left the sunny deck to drive across the narrow neck, I saw that some malignant fate, the tangled plot to complicate, had seated Duff and Betty B. upon the wagon *vis-à-vis!*

. . . . . .

Up Arklet water, o'er the green, to the cool shades of Loch Katrine, where the black

Douglas, Roderick Dhu, for home his mighty claymore drew upon the shores of Ben Venue; where Ellen's isle still holds its tryst—a floating boss of amethyst upon a sapphire shield displayed beneath Ben A'an's luxuriant shade. Here, where the maid her shallop set, and the proud Knight of Snowdon met, the listening ear can hear again the wizard harp of Allan-bane. Here, on the shore she loved so well, and early plucked the blue harebell, hang other harebells o'er the wave above the early blossom's grave.

The mountain upon either hand slopes softly from the shady strand, its heathery brocade floating free—a cloak of blue embroidery; no mountain—'tis a violet cloud with opalescent hues endowed, a phantom of celestial birth that trails its mantle on the earth.

Old echoes linger on the shore; old visions greet the eye once more.

You hear the hoof-beats throb afar? The fiery steed of Lochinvar sweeps down the beach at Vennachar!

Once more the piercing Douglas horn is quivering through the mellow morn.

Once more across the blooming mead goes the wild shout "Speed, Malise, speed!" Once more adown the Finglas vale floats Blanche of Devon's piteous wail; a phantom harp is in the

trees and moans prophetic melodies; o'er carpet green, through leafy hall, rings out Clan Alpine's Gathering Call, and down the Trossach's cloven side there trips a youth with eager stride, in kilt of tartan proudly drest, and bonnet blue and purple vest;—so he before a-wooing came plaided and plumed—'tis Malcolm Graeme!

. . . . . .

Away! We may not linger here—away from minstrel, maid and seer—from wandering loch and leafy tent to Stirling's gleaming battlement, whose misty turrets hang on high like eagle's aërie in the sky. Here fairy ferns and fragrant flowers bestar the shade, and ivy clings to bastions old and sturdy towers—the granite cradle of the kings.

In this cloud-canopied resort the royal Stuarts held their court and their baronial foes withstood with intrigue, treachery and blood. Here is the subterranean way where James the Fifth, as "Ballangay," went out at night beneath the fort for reckless deed and gallant sport. Here William, Earl of Douglas, fell by dagger of the faithless king. Here Mary plucked the pimpernel and heard the merry mavis sing, and lingered on the parapet to see the sun of summer set where, far beyond the meads of green, the domes of Ledi close the scene.

Yonder, to southward, we discern the velvet field of Bannockburn.

We loiter round the massive walls; we wander through the moldy halls, and everywhere our echoing tread repeats the footsteps of the dead. I pluck a daisy from the sod whose spangled carpet Mary trod—child of the flowers that made a nest of fragrance on her fickle breast.

. . . . . .

Again away! The Firth of Forth glides "to the Paris of the North," fair Edinburgh, whose charms beguile and stay our restless feet awhile. The Castle, "Burgh of Edwin," stands a sentinel o'er all the lands that spread in gracious greenery from languid rivers to the sea. The target of the Norman spears, to the precipitous cliff it clings—the fortress of a thousand years, the football of a hundred kings.

Within the ancient palace gate repose the jewels of the State, scepter and sword and royal dower, symbols of Caledonian power, the priceless honors handed down since Father Fergus wore a crown.

And far withdrawn from court and hall, we visit an apartment small where, one June morning, waked to birth the wisest fool in all the earth—the nerveless, studious, driveling James, the hapless Mary's hopeful son, for whom,

beyond the Tay and Thames, two realms were welded into one. And here the window, narrow, high, which Mary's courtiers clustered nigh at midnight's weird and mystic hour, unreeled a long and fragile rope, and, leaning outward from the tower, let the red suckling down the slope in willow basket to the priest, who quick the whimpering Prince released and dropped upon his brow the chrism—the token of divine baptism, and sent him back with nobler creeds, all consecrate to lofty deeds. [The rite, as far as we can trace, had never less of godly grace than shown in this particular case.]

Across the town to Holyrood,* scene of conspiracy and blood.

Its sacred origin you know: how, nigh a thousand years ago, King David rode to hunt the stags around the foot of Salisbury Crags, and spurred the royal charger fleet along the slope of Arthur's Seat. A hart, o'ertaken, turned at bay, unhorsed the King, and, as he lay, charged on him with his antlers keen, when lo! a cross flashed down between! Bewildered at the phantom dread, the hart,

*Since James's crime and Mary's folly, the first half of the name (the "Holy") the Scotch pronounce to rhyme with "jolly."

affrighted, turned and fled and left its noble quarry there, the cross before him poised in air—the holy rood St. Margaret bore from far Jerusalem years before, part of that cruel gallows tree the Hebrews reared on Calvary.* King David saw and grateful pressed the ghostly relic to his breast, and straightway founded where he stood the sacred Abbey, Holyrood.

Palace and altar, jail and grave, the monument of prince and slave.

If, as some dreaming wight has told, the walls that rise around us hold in photographic impress clear the scenes they witness, year by year, all overlaid and blurred the while, like some palimpsest of the Nile, to yield their secrets, page by page, to savans of a future age, what horrid chronicle of woes this bloody rubric will disclose!

Mary's sweet mouth and forehead fair and "star-like eyes" and sunny hair and hands that wove the netted lace and swept the harp with gentle grace;—crowned Queen ere she had

* MEM. If the cross which once did lean upon poor Cymon of Cyrene was so prolific as to yield the countless crosses since revealed—the "genuine" multitudinous roods in every land, of various woods, and set up for a holy show,—it must have stretched a mighty span, from Joppa unto Jericho, and from Beersheba to Dan.

breathed a week, and ere she was a twelve-month old a plighted bride! No further seek for cause of misery manifold. The Earl of Arran saunters by, with square-set chin and flashing eye; and shuffling Murray near at hand trifles with his perfidious brand. Here Ruthven plots. Here Morton walks. Here Cromwell the defiant stalks. Here Baliol, "Empty Jacket," wears his crown adown the oaken stairs, and fealty to Edward swears. Here sit the Jameses at their feast with lawless earl and jovial priest, and Douglas sheathes his eager blade and joins the merry masquerade.

Mysterious glimmers round about bring all the dreadful colors out.

Lo! down this steep and gloomy way, as hiding from the dreary day, a shapeless, helpless heap of clay—lift up the velvet mantle—O-h! 'tis what is left of Rizzio!—and yonder, near the murderous bands, Mary bewails and wrings her hands, then calms herself and walks the room and plans the brutal Darnley's doom. Hear Bothwell knocking at the door—!—let us away and read no more!

. . . . . .

Another week.

Our party goes to Roslin, Dryburgh and Melrose, to Abbotsford and Ettrick vale, to

Yarrow banks and Lanark dale, Lochleven castle, Fingal's cave, Skye, Inverness and Ossian's grave, the Pictish towers, and Rutherglen, and field of Preston-pans.

And then southward, across the border shire to England.

On the journey here, we pause, chat, recapitulate and bring the ledger up to date.

Says Mr. Judd: "I wish to hum I'd studied Scotch afore I cum. What makes 'em jabber ez they do in this ridic'lous parley-voo? I ast a chap wich way to ride to git me to the Falls o' Clyde. He stood and grinned and gawped at me as ef I wuz a Cherokee or some sech tarnal Injun, fetched to Scotland soon ez I wuz ketched. And when he opened his mouth to speak, 'twas all muxed up like so much Greek. I told him that was dreadful slim, and ef I couldn't talk better'n him I'd git a chisil an' a saw and let some jiner fix my jaw. The scenery? Oh, it's all correct, though real old-fashioned, I expect."

Said Miss Lavine: "How bright and fair the verdant landscape everywhere! There's nothing like it in the States—do you not think so, Mr. Bates?"

"Yes, that's where you and I agree."

"But not so fair, it seems to me, as faces of

the girls we see," said Cowing; "exquisitely bright—a wondrous glow of pink and white—I never saw so fine a sight."

"The dew," said I.

"The art, you mean!" with pretty shrug cried Miss Lavine; "the paint is plainly to be seen."

In one conclusion we concur; even the Doctor can't demur: that earth contains no lovelier haunt for summer junketing and jaunt than Scotland, for the day and night are just a marvel of delight.

The Colonel, we begin to find, is pertinaciously inclined, whenever we will lend an ear, to take the rôle of Mentor here—to teach, harangue and lecture us as Mentor did Telemachus—always assuming that his college taught a superior sort of knowledge. In science he is quite *au fait*, and so impatient to outpour his eloquence from day to day, he makes himself, at times, a bore.

"New York," he warbles now to each, on tap, as usual, with a speech, "is as far South in latitude, (perhaps you've scarcely understood, though I, who've made a study, did,) as Rome, or Naples, or Madrid. Not so at all with Scotland, for 'tis further North than Labrador; to be exact one ought to say 'tis on the

line of Hudson's Bay. A-ha! I see you are surprised. Knowledge is not to be despised.—And this is why the lambent night till ten is full of lingering light; indeed, the day is scarcely gone, when lo! at two o'clock 'tis dawn. And this is why the ladies wear fur mantles in the July air, and why that night at Loch Scavaig we slumbered and forgot fatigue, each on a mammoth feather-bed beneath four blankets and a spread."*

* It was, indeed, as he had said.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLAND.

The highways and the hedges are enchanted ;
  The lark awakes the melodies of morn,
And hill and dell and riverside are haunted
  With bay of hounds and echo of the horn.
A musical and merry little island —
  The hawthorn blossoms gaily in the glade,
And nowhere on the ocean or the dry land
  The human heart is less in masquerade.

Chorus by the party:

We corroborate the statement,
Without limit or abatement,
As far as observation we have made.

AND this is England, whose fair fields the train is flashing through! Yet every changing vista seems an old familiar view, and Derwent vale the very spot my Yankee boyhood knew.

The hedge, all crowned with bloom, has

pushed the zigzag fence away, and chimney-pots have sprouted red above the roofs of gray —but all the rest, how like the scenes of that remembered day! The church-bell on the sunny hill in mellow distance drowned still sings the pleasant song of peace, and all the land around runs sloping to the sea as that went sloping to the Sound. Yonder the babbling Wepawaug with joyous accolade salutes the consecrated hills. How often have I played beside the pool in covert cool beneath its hemlock shade! The guardian elms that stretch their arms above the farm-house door, the placid pond, the drowsy wheel its waters tumble o'er, the old bridge flung across the brook—I've known them all before.

The chestnut drops its thorny shields beside the babbling rill,—presto! with playmates after school I seem to wander still with laugh and song and jest along the slope of Grassy Hill.

Even the maidens that we see in pretty hood and gown, with eyes of blue and rosy cheeks framed in their locks of brown—the very girls I used to know in that New England town!

This morning I a woman saw driving a brindle steer to market. And she summoned up old memories, quaint and queer.

I knew a girl that looked like her.

I'll tell the story here.

. . . . . .

Two dozen summers since, while I was breaking rural sods, so very, very long ago the sprite of memory nods recalling it, I fell in love with Emmeline Le Dods. I met her first at school among the Massachusetts hills, then visited her home beside Woonsocket's cotton-mills, and when I touched her hand my heart indulged in little thrills.

Those girls of youth! We ne'er shall see such blooming girls again. Her cheeks were red, her eyes were bright, her hand was soft, and when she wore her tarletan dress of pink she seemed an angel then. I learned to sing and sang of her; her sweet face seemed to float above me as a shining sail above an open boat.

I sent her once a valentine; and this is what I wrote:

"Good and gentle Emmeline,
All my future hopes are thine!
As the lily, attracts the bee,
As the moon, uplifts the sea,
I am strongly drawn to thee.
I am happy, where you are,
Thou art as, a rising star,

Gloom will vanish, if you shine—
Will you be, my Valentine?

"Everywhere, your footsteps lead,
Over mountain, hill, and mead,
At home, just the same as here,
Never changing, any year,
If you consent, Emmeline,
You shall be my Valentine."

Next Sunday, all through meeting-time, I sought for some device to know if she had got it, when she glanced and nodded twice; and then, at noon, she came and said: "'Twas you! 'twas very nice!" My cheeks were hot; my hands were red: a fluttering pulse was mine; but, mustering all my courage up, I whispered: "Emmeline! Say! will you always, *always*, be my little Valentine?"

She whispered that she always would; and then she gave to me a sprig of fennel, just as sweet as gales from Araby.

Next month I went to teach—and then we parted,—I and she.

My heart turned over several times before it settled down, as doth the gentle pancake ere the flame hath done it brown; and February next I sent this valentine from town:

"My footstep never will stray from you,
For now whenever I stay from you
I dream and doubt
And my heart cries out
And life is empty away from you!

"I think of the beauty and grace of you,
And fancy, flying in chase of you,
Is drawn like a dove
To your side, my love,
By the light that illumines the face of you!

"Joy comes in the sweet disguise of you;
She's just exactly the size of you;
The love-bee sips
From your honey lips
And the love-witch laughs in the eyes of you!"

How 'twas received I never knew. My Emmeline was dumb! My heart sank in my waistcoat and my face was sad and glum. Next day I got her wedding-card—she'd married Jacob Crum!

Sixteen quick summers came and went; again I saw her face. It bent above a cabbage-patch —I thought I knew the place—I stopped my horse, sprang out and sighed: "'Tis she, I'll

bet an ace!" She did not know me; she was fat; her hair was fierce and red; a hoe was in her pudgy hand, an apron on her head; she chased the hens as I approached and was a thing of dread.

"Hast thou seen sorrow, ma'am?" said I. "Alas! I have!" said she—and pointed at some frisky youth—"those children that you see—there's only thirteen of 'em left, and I have buried three!"

"I peddle lightning-rods," I said; "I'd like to sell you some."

"We bought a few last spring," said she; "my husband ain't to home." And then she whistled long and loud—I listened and was dumb. I wondered what the whistle meant; just then, above the gate, a dog came bounding with a howl and pounced upon me straight; "Steboy!" she cried; I turned away; I thought—I—wouldn't wait.

And since, whene'er the dreams of youth come trooping by in squads, framing the face of Emmeline, my brooding fancy nods, and I remark: "It wasn't to be—and therefore, what's the odds?"

. . . . . .

I told the story to the rest,—to Duff and Betty B., and Miss Lavine and Bates, but they

did not appear to be at all dissuaded, or impressed with what occurred to me.

Love is like drowning: we desire to question those who fail to get ashore, and die unheard; but all of no avail is the experience of one who lives to tell the tale.

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON.

"If a fellow could fly to the stars
On patent aërial cars,
Dear Jack, and alight upon Mars,
I'd go on a tour, and I'd stay
On the beautiful planet all day
To see the tremendous display!"

"'All *day*?' why, you must be insane!
To see the 'red land and green rain'
And oceans indenting the plain!
Volcanoes that startle the night
And 'billows of amethyst light'
A *year* were too small for the sight!"

"Then, pardon! exhibit a streak
Of sense and hereafter don't speak
Of stopping in London 'a week!'"

THROUGH ocean-girt England to London at last; to London, circuitous, somber and vast—a fog-ridden, far-reaching prison of stone.

Its wilderness highway we ramble alone—alone amid millions; the solitude drear is not more intense and impressive than here, on a desolate isle in the waste of the sea.

We face it with doubt.

The conundrum for me is how to get over the town in a week and see what's worth seeing.

Of course I don't speak of the National Gallery, British Museum and Kensington halls, for, to properly see 'em, would take all our time up, and then we shouldn't do it. We'll visit each one of these—hurry on through it—glance this way and that and attentively look at the things we have noticed in Boedeker's book. We cannot be thorough,—of time there's a limit—but if we can't drink all the milk we can skim it. With pictures it isn't discourtesy, is it, if we reserve some for a subsequent visit?

The vehicle? Well, there is little use talking; to see a great city there's nothing like walking three-fourths of the time. The correct rule to trust is to walk when you can and to ride when you must. And when you *must* ride you will find on the stand that gaudy grasshopper, "the Hansom," at hand, or, better, a "Bus" * or a coach, if 'tisn't chilly (each morn

*A hundred-odd lines, and these everyway pliers now nearly outnumber the telegraph wires.

for the country they leave Piccadilly.) The underground road for an hour you can try* and family parties can order a fly.

. . . . . .

Assign all fair weather to suburb and park, devoting the days that are rainy and dark to church and museum and palace and Tower; indeed, for the last, the more dismal the hour the greater the harmony. Here you shall see where Royalty held its Satanic levee when the last (and worst) Henry and Edward and Mary established their horrible disciplinary.

The Moloch of hate on this eminence stood and quaffed every morning a chalice of blood. Here sweet Lady Jane bowed her beautiful head. Here fair Anne Boleyn and Queen Catharine led the somber procession of martyrs (a lock of their hair is still shown that was left on the block.)

Here, visored, the black executioner stalked.

Behind him, the victims of tyranny walked: Earl Essex, More, Somerset, Seymour of Sudley, Lords Frazer and Fitzroy and Devereux and Dudley and Jeffreys and Marlborough, Margaret, Strafford, and Cranmer and Latimer, Raleigh and Stafford.

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* Get dust in your ears and a chip in your eye.

Here, suffering gladly for conscience's sake, Anne Askew, undaunted, went forth to the stake.*

Here Henry was murdered and Richard discrowned; here princes were smothered and noblemen drowned. Here Wallace and Bruce in the dungeons have lain and monarchs of France dragged a prisoner's chain.

. . . . . .

To the curious cell of Beauchamp give an hour of the day (or the days) you allot to the Tower.

. . . . . .

To the Abbey and Halls of Westminster at least two days, for your fancy shall find it a feast. You wander among the harmonious glooms, through cloisters and chapels, mid altars and tombs to the corner of Poets and Artists above whose ashes are written the names that we love. What vigil the white pin-

* I wouldn't have been as devoted as she. I cherish convictions of which I should be tenacious, but if I some morning should see an army come down with my *auto da fe*, preparing to fasten my limbs to a tree and burn me because of my obstinacy, I'd say, "I surrender!—recant! Set me free! I take it all back and with rapture agree to whatever dogma your church may decree. I bend, to the King and his fetish, the knee.—There's one, or there's none, or there's ten, or there's three, but *don't* go and kindle a fire under me!"

ioned sentinels keep where the scepterless monarchs of earth are asleep!

The Palace eight acres professes to cover, including a thousand apartments and over, and yet the extent of each Parliament Hall in area is hardly a hundredth of all.*

The Lords were in session, we found, when we went (which Bettie B. called "an auspicious event.") The place of discomfort no element lacked; the members, fatigued and perspiring, were packed on thickly-set benches from center to wall—no chair and no desk in the desolate hall. Some hats on the heads of their owners were put and others were tossed on the floor under foot.

It looked like an ill-behaved, old-fashioned school; the pedagogue perched on his pillow of wool, and the boys seated round in a state of misrule. I nearly imagined my vision revealing protuberant missiles embossed on the ceiling—the art that old school-rooms exhibit today—an alto-relievo in papier maché! I sat there expectant—continued to wait for some mischievous fellow to hold up a slate to the

* To state it exactly, the Commons inside is 75 feet long and 45 wide. And if you insist that the statement's erroneous because the inflection is scarcely euphonious, I answer that Arabic numerals seem too frisky to drive in a rhythmical team.

opposite chap on the bench at the end;—for that opposite chap a moist pellet to send and hit the old master so square in the back as to tumble him off of the tottering sack, and pitch in the dust of the school-room his big, unsullied, majestic, magnificent wig! Then see the old master, indignant, severe, parade the young culprit around by the ear!

But no.

Nothing like it.

A soberer throng. The Baron Somebody was droning along. . .

His tired hearers shuffled their feet on the floor, each wishing he had just an inch or two more.

Here Solomon Judd put his hat on his head.

"Take it off!" cried a sergeant.

He did.

Then he said, "I'll be blamed if the whole of this weazen consarn is as big es my uncle's Connecticut barn. They drive clear up through it with two loads of rye! By hokey! I bet the big beam is es high es this gallery where we are setting this minute. This room? Why, you couldn't crowd Jonah's crop in it! Say! You in brass buttons! Why don't ye jest wheel yer logy old Parliment round to Montpe-

lier? Our Capitol buildin' is four times es roomy es this ere ole cavern and not half es gloomy!"

"Keep still!" said the sergeant, in tone rather rude, and J. dropped his voice to a rumble subdued:

"They du say ef one of our Congressmen feels a leetle jot lazy he sticks up his heels and lays 'em right out on a desk in the air. But, Doctor!—they don't du it here, I declare! They can't! Fer ther ain't any desks, an' their feet ar' all tangled skewin' up under the seat. Ther's no spot to write, an' they can't move an inch. I wouldn't a believed it onless I'd a seen 'em; they set jest es cluss es they can on the bench—not room for a thin sheet of paper between 'em!"

"Less noise over there!" said the sergeant in hoarse remonstrance, and Solomon answered, "Of course. No Lord puts his feet on his desk. An' he can't even wriggle, or joggle, except by combinin'—but ef he should stan' on his head he could plant his feet on the head of the Lord that's adjinin!"

"My friend," said the sergeant, "you'll *av* to keep still!"

And Solomon meekly responded, "I will!"

. . . . . .

We filed from the hall to the lobby once more and found ourselves solemnly marshaled before a hat-rack, as plain as a pike-staff precisely, with three hundred pegs driven into it nicely. It seemed, as it stood, without sign of a caster, an old-fashioned horse-rake, escaped from its master; a hat-rack* all chaste, unembellished, severe. The parliament guide said, "This harticle 'ere is a hold hinstitution of Hingland." His hand he waved at the tall perpendicular stand and added, his eye flashing joyously, "That's where Honable Peers hevry day angs their ats!"

"Wal, there!" exclaims Solomon, "Doctor! I snum!" (and he cautiously felt of a peg with his thumb.) "Now ain't that wuth seeing? I'm glad that I come! We've got down to this ere and must be about to the bottom—I guess we had better pass out."

. . . . . .

We passed to the British Museum again—traditional refuge of tourists from rain—and Bates and Miss L., as De Calamus said, went "spooning along in a hansom ahead."

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* Minerva, whose tongue is decidedly active, remarked that the spectacle wasn't hat-rack-tive; and Cowing observed there was hardly a doubt that the Lords of the realm had begun to peg out.

Arrived at the spot, (it was now afternoon,) we saw a surprisingly singular coon *—a boy (he spoke English and told of his birth in Siam, far off on the slope of the earth). The queer thing about him, amazing to all, was a long, bony tail, curved, retractile, and small—a sinewy, flexible, clearly defined vertebral projection depending behind! [A *tail*—like a monkey—I chronicle what I witnessed, and you can believe it or not]. We closely observed the superfluous limb, and I was instructed to scribble to him our casual views of his terminal flail which I hastily wrote and that evening, by mail, despatched in

AN ODE TO THE BOY WITH A TAIL.

O, boy with a tail like an ape!
O, youth with a practical rudder!
In things of a comical shape
I've never known anything odder!
Grotesque is the fashion, and yet it
May presently come to prevail;
Where under the sun didst thou get it—
O, boy with a tail?

* Exhibited in the "Mammalia Saloon."

And may it as useful be classed,
Or doth it seem merely æsthetic?
And doth it belong to the past,
Or is the appendage prophetic?
Is this from Devonian ages
Cut down from the primitive scale,
And are these the vanishing stages —
O, boy with a tail?

Or art thou a herald — oh, say!
And is this peculiar possession,
Instead of a mark of decay,
A sign of the race's progression?
Will caudals hereafter adorn so
This human anatomy frail,
And subsequent babies be born so —
O, boy with a tail?

Was thine an arboreal sire?
And was he a native Darwinian,
Who grew when he learned to aspire,
And rose to a larger dominion?
And did he desire without ceasing,
To evolute out of the pale?
And art thou the Link that was Missing —
O, boy with a tail?

Come! tell us the tale of the tail!
All narratives *must* have a story,
And thou canst thy hearers regale
With reasons *a posteriori*.
But when thou art giving us gleams
Of the past, the plain truth will avail—
For we notice thou runst to extremes,
O, boy with a tail!

Through the vast Zoölogical Gardens we strayed one morning, upon a delightful parade. The animals gathered in Regent's fair park outnumber the caravan saved in the Ark.* The keeper announced, with a tear in his tone, the soul of the great hippopotamus flown! The vast pachydermatous monster—the pride of the mighty collection, that morning had died. And Dobbs, the head keeper, remarked with a sad expression, "The other pets takes it so bad! They all wants to git (fer they feels so bereft,) in the roomy and beautiful tank he 'as left!"

Dead in his tank is the tame hippopotamus!
In the excited aquarium what a muss!

*That is, if we echo the notions of those in orthodox circles, who say they "suppose all races could scarcely descend from one pair, and maybe the Flood was a local affair."

Monster from mud of Malay archipelagoes
Loses his breath, and to join the dead whale he goes!
"Wen Hi think," Dobbs says, "'ow spry 'an 'ilarious
'E was this mornin', his capers so various,—
Think 'ow galluptious 'e wus on'y yiste'day,
Oo would, 'a' thought 'e wud 'eat his last mess t'day?"
Ah! such is life! We're cut off in our merriment,
Transferred to our cemeterial cerement.

"He was *so* good!" sighs the jack-rabbit wearily;
"Last night I heard the love snoring so cheerily!"
"He was fat," snivel the seals, "and so dutiful!"
And the giraffe says, "ah, yes, he was beautiful!"
What are the lobsters and terrapins doing there?
Sure as you live they are loudly boohooing there!
While, of all mourners, the fish in the tank are chief,
Wiping their eyes with their tails for a handkerchief!

"Now," sighs giraffe, "in his tank will I show myself!"
"No!" shouts the jack-rabbit, "not if I know myself!"
"Dear Hippie promised us we should reside in it,"
Cry all the lobsters, "and we shall take pride in it!"

"Dear Pottie left it to me," says a rabbit, "it
Seems to be central, and I will inhabit it."
"Mine!" snorts a camel, "dear Mussie confessed he
meant
It should be mine in his last will and testament."

"Silence! Be still!" says Dobbs, "silence, the
whole of you!
Old Hippopot never mentioned a soul of you!"

Then they were angry and mimicked humanity —
Lobsters and fish in a state of profanity!
As for old Hip, as a rascal they rated him,
Ridiculed, libeled, denounced, execrated him;
Said he ate ten times as much as the zebra ate,—
Reveled in liquor — an awful inebriate —
Stingy and cowardly — merely a bigger mouse —
While a snail hinted that he was polygamous!

While they were scolding, a barnacle passed in his
Checks,—ah! the poor have the happiest destinies!
See the shrimps, oysters, and lobsters weep over him;
See the fish fetch fragrant sea-weed to cover him!
Here comes the terrapin and, at the risk o' wet,
Lays on his eyes two lost scales of the siscowet.
Lo! as he sleeps in his shroud on the shelf alone,

All fish can see he is loved for himself alone !
Hark ! a crab speaks, from his couch that is coral-
line,
Saying, " These mournful events have this moral in :
Live fishes dead fishes pleasantly write about
When they leave nothing* for cousins to fight about."

*A sunny grave sleeps on a sunny slope, beneath a sculptured Hope, and children thither go in summer hours, and sow the sweetest flowers, and set the blossoming herbage year by year, and drop the silent tear. It marks a father's resting place, and yet no sentry there is set. No hideous ghoul burrows beneath the clay, to bear the bones away. No children, with a fierce and frenzied brow, revile his memory now; nor myriad wives, parading all their shame, disgrace his honored name. The billow sleeps upon that sunny slope, beneath a marble Hope, and they who loved him, go in summer hours, and sow the sweetest flowers. For he has gone to Heaven, and when he went, he died *without a cent.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHANNEL AND HOLLAND.

Ah! here is a terror that might
  The hardiest mariner daunt,
The channel we traverse to-night
  That reaches from London to Ant–werp.

But if from the venture you turn,
  Declining to weather it through,
Your optics will never discern
  The mountains and valleys of Eu–rope*

ONCE more the order comes "Advance!"—the evening train will give us a chance. Away to Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland —merely a glimpse and glance. And so, with hurrying, rushing, we bid adieu to the "Midland Grand" and steam across historical land to a ship that waits on a stormy strand for the Netherlands' beach at Flushing.

* Unless to the Gallican path you turn a circuitous step; e'en then you'll find moments of wrath, the waters still subject to Nep———tune.

The meadows dabbled and dripping lie, and over them bends a soggy sky, like the upper crust of a moldy pie, and the birds between, with a muffled cry, complain of the bilious weather; the sun, in a cloak of tattered fogs, is floundering through the cumulus bogs, and leading in leash his red-eyed dogs at the end of a misty tether. On, and on, to the shivering shore, where boys with lanterns run before the sailors' feet to the tavern door, and the fire and the flip they covet; beneath the watery firmament the sky and ocean and shore are blent, and patient Nature appears content to sponge from the slate the picture faint, and in the light of the morrow paint a fairer picture above it.

A clumsy vessel of curious rig, sturdy and stumpy and broad and big, a Chinese junk and Portuguese brig united in mongrel marriage; in build and equipment stoutly Dutch, resembling a steamer about as much as a Kaffir cart or a Hindoo hutch resembles a Boston carriage.

All nativities here are found: Swedes and Germans and Danes abound, and English maidens, rosy and round, and numerous Yankees are "on the ground," if I may use the expression; and in the middle seems to be hung the clamorous, multitudinous tongue, and every

lingual change is rung in the racket of conversation.

The night is dark, and a somber rain is sobbing above the swarthy plain and drumming the deck with a dull refrain; the sky and the sea are sable; scores are grouped on the cabin stairs; scores are clutching the oaken chairs and nodding to sleep without their prayers, in the midst of a noisy Babel; on settles some of us settle ourselves, while others perch upon higher shelves at the side of the supper table.

I sleep—and, dreaming that I'm ashore, I find myself suddenly on the floor, beneath a pile of a dozen or more who've tumbled and pitched together; and quite embarrassing 'tis, for we are unacquainted and "quite at sea," and the introduction, we all agree, without permission, *sans ceremonie*, is a sign of blustering weather.

A wave goes over the clumsy junk; a dame is deposited in my bunk, and down at the door a terrified monk is trying to cling to a lively trunk and uttering supplications; three pious nuns from their perches fall and land against the opposite wall, and specters sprawl along the hall in utterly changed relations; the man who was sleeping is up instead, and the man who was

up is now abed—thus Nature, as bards have often said, is full of her compensations.

A woman shrieks as I leap to the deck, "The ship is sinking! We're rushing to wreck! The life-preservers have vanished! The rudder's broke and we're going down! O, save me, John, I know I shall drown, my voyage of life is finished!" I creep where the life-preservers are stored. Not one is there! Then none are aboard! A great sea, skyward sailing, comes down on the deck from the gulf of clouds. A Dutchman clings to the larboard shrouds, and lifts his voice in wailing: "Ach! Gott in Himmel!" he makes his moan, "Vere ish te rest of te float-bags gone? I finded but forty or twenty. In such an awfully shtorm like dat" (just then a great wave knocks him flat, drenches him, carries away his hat,) "dere ought to be more as a plenty!"

"See here!" says I, "what's this you say? the life-preservers you've taken away?" I collar him—"what you done with 'em? hey?" My meaning he dimly catches, and leads me down with muttered vows a ladder as steep as the law allows, to the stalls where sailors the cattle house, and there eight streaked and speckled cows are tied up snugly between the bows just under the forward hatches. And every cow is

a sailing craft! for each is covered, above and abaft, over and under and fore and aft with life-preservers enough for a raft lashed to her hull securely, around the horns and under the tail, between the legs, and set like a sail across the back to weather a gale, sea-worthy are they surely; and fed with a flavorous esculent, in the crowded hold of the steamer pent, they chew the cud of a sweet content serenely and demurely.

A buxom maiden is weeping nigh a neat little cow with a tranquil eye; she hugs its head with a loud "good-by," and says she knows it will have to die; compared with her high and stormy cry, her father's plaintive groan and sigh are merely a summer zephyr; it sounds above the breakers' roar, expressing the wish that the cows were ashore, or the tempest less or the float-bags more—of the latter, alas! there are only four on the neck of her petted heifer!

The passengers gather, one by one, to ascertain the cause of the fun, and, getting a glimpse of what's been done, disperse the gloom with laughter; but close to the heifer the girl abides, till, seeing her grief, old Neptune hides his head, and the moon the storm divides, and out of the dark the vessel glides, and the wave is smooth thereafter.

. . . . . .

The lowland spreads like a level floor from the dipping edge of the dripping shore; and now, as the day advances, it seems a transient raft that's tied to the steamer's floating and swinging side, but glancing over the meadows wide, and seeing a train in the distance glide, we land and take our chances.

We wait till the grim inspectors may our boxes and trunks and traps visé, and down to the beach we straggle, to see the hulk of a mighty whale they've caught and brought from the Azore trail: some seventy feet from head to tail—a terrible tail to waggle!

It is, indeed, a wonderful show! Around the noble remains we go with solemn and stately step and slow, and bend our heads and murmur low; the funeral-like procession revolving about the monarch's base, each holding a handkerchief up to his face,* is gloomy beyond expression.

Thou floating island of the heaving ocean;
O, balleen whale, with skin of India rubber,
Art thou a Greenlander or Nova Scotian?
In what far sea didst thou collect thy blubber,
And on what grazing bank wert thou a grubber?

* To be precise, the nose was the place.

Where dwelt the victims of thy slow ferocity,
  Thou most preposterous and ungainly lubber ?
Upon my soul, thou art a curiosity —
A mountain of superfluous adiposity !
  Thou art equipped for efforts gustatory ;
Thou eatest cod,— but this is reciprocity,
  For cods eat minnows — 'tis the ancient story,
  With wrathful carnage all the sea is gory.

Thy caudal weapon of extermination
  Beats modern dynamite to lift a dory ;
Thine awful mouth is not for conversation,
But to suck herring, shrimp and small crustacean
  Through whalebone sieves to serve thy royal
    dinner.
Three tons of mackerel are one day's ration ;
  And many a fish, in life a mere beginner,
  Is suddenly transported to the inner
Recesses of thy being ; O, cetacean !
  O, thou luxurious and gluttonous sinner !

Didst spout, O, monster, when thy hunters throw-
    ing
  The flying drong, did hasten to pursue thee —
When all thy ponderous frame to death was going

As these ingenious midgets chased and slew thee?
Some politicians, whale, are like unto thee —
When they are hit, they show it by their blowing.

Thou'rt not a fish, thou marvel of zoölogy,
In spite of fins and aqueous regalia,
We cannot class thee under ichthyology,
Whether from Labrador or far Australia,
For thou belongest to the group mammalia —
"Viviparous, warm-blooded, great agility —"
With a huge brain that owes us an apology
For its slight intellectual ability,
Thou mountain-pated scandal of phrenology!

Thy liquid carbon erewhile rendered luminous
Each gloomy cot and palace of the planet,
'Till colliers, boring into beds bituminous,
Pumped from the seas within the walls of granite
Great stores of oil, and into barrels ran it.
As a lamp-lighter, lowly is thy station; [set,
And yet thy whalebone-plates, some eighty-four
Yield, after death, a pleasant occupation,
For, in the clasp of the elastic corset,
Thou huggest all the women in creation.

Its mouth was wide enough to crush the larg-

est steamer's boat, and two cotillion-sets were formed within its ruddy throat, and peasants from the Vlissing farms their rustic partners swung and danced a merry jig upon the monster's polished tongue.

. . . . . .

Now "all aboard!" in Dutch we hear, and take the cars again and wind along the Zealand streams, across the mottled plain, where fields of red, and fields of white, and fields of gold and green, with fair and fragrant garden beds, like jewels set between, unclasp their hands to let us through, and swing a censer sweet, and waltz around, around, around, around with flying feet, and close the gap behind again, forgetful of their play, and calmly stand on either hand serene beside the way.

All nature joins the pirouette; the stacks of barley wheel in graceful measures, and away they sweep in eddying reel; the hedges clad in brightness spin along the level lands; the trees change partners left and right and wave their cheery hands, the windmills move their languid sails and catch the favoring breeze that many a gentle ripple sends across the painted seas; the sportive wheat fields nod and beck and flaunt their robes of gold, all splendid with embroidery of poppies manifold, and close the gap

behind again, forgetful of their play, and calmly stand on either hand serene beside the way.

The tattered midgets patient bend above the verdant row and on the sward with clumsy plow, spade, sickle, rake and hoe; and many a feeble woman bows in never-ending toil to wring capricious harvest from the scant and precious soil. They for a moment pause, and lift a sad and weary eye, and solemnly they whirl away as we go dashing by, and close the gap behind again, unconscious of their play, and calmly stand on either hand serene beside the way.

. . . . . .

A station. Crowds are gathered here.

The girls and women bear familiar-looking specimens of tin and wooden-ware upon their arms and in their hands; they bring them through the gates into the cars—the slop-pail as we knew it in the States!

"Why, what on earth!" says Miss Dupont, "I wonder if they go and carry poultry, eggs and cheese and milk to market so!"

"They're second-girls," says Bates, "and by the Holland law they're bound to carry all the garbage-pails out to the dumping ground."

"'Taint neither one," says Judd, "and it ain't

nothing very queer; they're goin' huckleberryin' not very fur from here."

"But some of them are ladies," Mrs. Cowing now contends, "and evidently going on a visit to their friends."

This gives a clew.

A misplaced lid reveals the curious sight—a brush, a shoe, a ribbon-end, a tell-tale flash of white—aha! bandboxes! trunks! they bear their funny little jags in these. The slop-pails l'Amerique are Holland carpet-bags!

. . . . . .

Two days in Antwerp are enough, unless you've time to waste; and one will answer, if, like us, you're "forwarded in haste."* You'll visit the Cathedral (Gothic,) large and lofty which Paul Rubens' master-pieces still embellish and enrich; and stray about the city quaint, where houses old and low, that, under weary weight of tiles are staggering to and fro, and bending steep their broken backs, in front, on either hand, remind you that at last you're in a very foreign land.†

. . . . . .

In Brussels. Here we tarry, and we wander up

*Economy of time implies a sacrifice of taste.

†You scarcely can do better than to linger half a day and witness the unrivaled zoölogical display.

and down to see "the little Paris," as they fondly call the town: the church, cathedral, palace hall, and House of Parliament; and several hours of morning we have profitably spent in Wiertz Museum, where the paint was too profusely shed—the cavern of Brobdingnag where colossal art is spread. * We ramble through the City Hall and dream about the fight when, long ago, "there was a sound of revelry by night" and Belgium's festive capital had proudly "gathered there her beauty and her chivalry"—the gallant and the fair. The palpitating music rose with stirring cadence here; beneath this roof the dancers whirled, nor dreamt of any fear, and joyous men and maidens held each other's hands in thrall, and hearts and feet a tattoo beat around the oaken hall. 'Twas here, when Dawn came bringing in the twinkling torch of day the revelers were startled by the cannonade of Ney!

. . . . . .

Now to the Rhine! What memories its magic shadows own! This evening we press on again and hasten to Cologne.

*If Wiertz had seas of paint that he was dying to discharge, why didn't he go to Neptune or some planet that was large?

CHAPTER IX.

COLOGNE.

We're rather indolently "making way,"
As those slow sailors murmuringly say
Who take the log.
We ought to be in Heidelberg to-day,
This 10th of Aug.

We may not tarry here, for there are some
Engagements still awaiting us at home
That must be kept;
And we are due within St. Peter's dome
The 4th of Sept.*

O, courier, speed thee! Onward let us fly
Until in Ocean's stormy arms we lie
Serenely rocked,
To reach our waiting homes and kindred by
The last of Oct.

*Shortened in purse and leisure never be! Take with you if you can across the sea (I'd recommend,) a million dollars and eternity, and both expend. But if you are so foolish that you're bound to your own home, and view as hallowed ground your native shore, you might not care to be a-gadding round forevermore.

EASTWARD across the harvest-laden land again we move—as long ago we planned. No baggage-checks in Europe anywhere! * A trunk requires the same attentive care as does a yellow dog without a chain, that's never been abroad before, or lain under a chair two minutes at a time.

To see the average Yankee's pantomine when he's transferring the baggage is a sight that fills the soul with rapture and delight! †

He gets there half an hour before the car is advertised to leave the local "gare." He leaves his baggage in the cab outside, and, when he has a dozen porters tried, finds one who shows him where the counters stretch to which the tourist must his baggage fetch. He rushes out, and gives the cab a crown. Then hires a porter for a half-franc down to put the trunks and other parcels in upon the counter where they

* But our conductor, as we onward fare, relieves us of the worry and the care of tickets, baggage, lunches by the way, rooms at hotels and servants we must fee, and endless bothers, till we all agree our journey is a joyous holiday.

†About this baggage "system," by the way, I made a calculation yesterday, and find it tires a gentle woman out as thoroughly, and gives her just about as much annoyance, worriment and fret, exasperation and fatigue to get two trunks from Edinburgh to Bordeaux, as 'twould (if she were home again) to go and drive six cows from Troy to Buffalo.

may be "seen." Then rushes off to find an agent who will register his name and "book him through;" finds him at last, secures the ticket, and, with that emblazoned trophy in his hand, returns to where the hopeful trunks await the loitering announcement of their fate; pays porter half a franc for standing there; frantically waves his ticket high in air, shouts several times and an attendant hails who slowly lifts each parcel on the scales, sets down the figures in a little book, hovers above them with a puzzled look, then multiplies by 6, divides by 4, subjects it to three operations more, and, to a slow conclusion having come, tells the impatient passenger the sum. Ah—good! 'Tis paid! He rushes from the place;—a rolling door is shut before his face, whose keeper says, all smiling and unvexed, "The—train—is—gone; you'll have—to—t-a-k-e t-h-e n—e—x—t!" *

. . . . . .

My countrywomen! how I love to meet their comely, piquant faces on the street, their graceful forms, with garments made to fit, and eyes that gleam with merriment and wit! To hear a cultured Yankee woman talk in cosy parlor or on terrace-walk, without the trivial persiflage

* If English be his only tongue he may in parley be detained another day.

of France or English maiden's acquiescent trance, without too much of dashing repartee, and just enough reserve for dignity, with thought as lucent as a flash of light, and every thought with facile phrase bedight, and every phrase expressed in music low—it is the sweetest privilege I know.

But, ah! alas! that I should live to hear some tourist-voices that assault the ear—the dreadful dissonance of racket dire in parlor, castle or cathedral choir, in royal palace, dome or stately hall, museum, cars—my countrywomen all! The voice that rises high above the rest—how quickly its nativity is guessed! Unpleasant 'tis to hear a cockney "Hah! 'arken to that! 'Ere comes Hamerica!" And here they come —some three or four perchance, of willowy form and pleasant countenance, conversing volubly and laughing loud, making themselves conspicuous in the crowd. Provokingly unconscious all the while, they promenade with bland and beaming smile, their strident cackle conquering a hush, and causing every bashful soul to blush.

I heard an awful screech in Gillig's which was set precisely to accordant pitch with frontier sawmill's desolating din.

I heard a Cincinnati lady in a London "shop" negotiate for hose; and o'er the scene her fear-

ful clamor rose through ringing cadences; with all her might she earnestly discussed their breadth and height and quality and price, and all the queer mechanical equipments that appear essential adjuncts fitly to prevent their premature subsidence and descent. And all her hearers knew that she could beat the man that cries "bananas" on the street.

At Brussels in the breakfast-hall one day, the scores still lingering at *dejeuner* were for a moment smitten with dismay: 'twas Mrs. Cowing in the open door: "Come, Miss Lavine! don't dawdle any more! drink up your coffee, quick, and hurry through! put on your things to go to Waterloo!"

We thought "Old Forvarts'" voice again had pealed, leading his troops on that historic field.

No European ladies we have met, in all the windings of our journey yet, disturb their neighbors with such gaucheries, such *mauvais gout* and vulgar ways as these.

Our sisters are the handsomest that we have met, the most intelligent we see; just tone them down a trifle and they'd be, in manners, beauty, intellect and worth, the planet's queens, unrivaled of the earth.

. . . . . .

Cologne! The sunny Rhine! The ancient town! How all the guilty past comes surging down since Agrippina, empress of old Rome, revisited her childhood's rustic home, and, wandering through the specter-haunted wood, her heart debauched, her fair hands red with blood, bade the plebeians plant the Roman spear and build the walls of their "Colonia" here.

The palaces, abloom with classic taste, how soon the hordes of Attila laid waste!

These dwellings seem the same—huge, dark and low—the Romans reared two thousand years ago. The weather-beaten roofs, the heavy tiles on one another heaped in painted piles, the incongruity of old and new, as if the checkered housetops, gray and blue and black and red, with strange infection fraught, had some cutaneous eruption caught—the scars of the effluvia of death uprising from the pestilence beneath!

At night, before my window, small and high, I touch a great church, putting out the sky; and in the belfry I can dimly see a giant arm swing, beckoning to me—the iron arm obscure and black and grim, nods thrice to me within its cavern dim; nods thrice to me, slow, solemn and sedate, like some imprisoned arbiter of fate, and then it points towards the flowing

Rhine—a spectral and convulsive Frankenstein!—the ghost of Force, massive and iron-bound, an exhalation from the graves around. Nods thrice and vanishes; a fearful groan shudders through all that sepulchre of stone, down where the grinning dead of centuries lie, up in the chaptrels where the echoes die, until the iron sentinel gropes out and on the old wall blindly feels about, beckons and bows alluringly again, and, rising with an elfin gesture, then, reaches far up and smites an awful bell a blow that seems the city's final knell.

I turn and fall asleep. And in my dream I row a shallop down a crimson stream, and goblins that I have not seen before are ringing bells upon an unknown shore.

When morning comes the iron arm is there, demurely calling worshipers to prayer—all gone the flippant and fantastic mood in which it broke the midnight solitude. Ah! Frankenstein is hiding in the tower, impatient waiting the uncanny hour when bogies swing the iron tongue and he once more resumes his reckless revelry.

Throughout the town we ramble for two days, "to see what we can see," as Cowing says. Cologne is quite an interesting show. [For principal attractions, see below.]

THE CHURCH OF THE URSULINE NUNS,
Where virgins were slain by the Huns,
Eleven thousand exactly, they say.
[They dealt in extremely round numbers,
And so they lay down to their slumbers
In quite a symmetrical way.]

A hideous palace of bones
In circles and crosses and cones
And boxes and bundles assorted;
[The charge is a shilling admission,
And by the unique exhibition
The monks and the nuns are supported.]

This spectacle ask to be shown
Whenever you visit Cologne,
And do not by any means fail;
You doubtless remember the story,
So ghastly, facetious and gory —
A funny and horrible tale.

In England Miss Ursula landed
When King Deonatus commanded,
Some twelve hundred summers ago;
The King was the father of her,
And, therefore, as one would infer,
She had a choice hand to bestow.

One morning he kissed her and said,
"'Tis time that your market was made;
Your pa can no longer afford
To pay for your jewels and rings,
Your switches and bonnets and things,
And put up the cash for your board."

The dutiful virgin replied!
"A German shall make me his bride —
Prince Coman who dwells on the Rhine;
At the hop of Lord Ethelbert, he
Was dreadfully sweet upon me;
I know he is doomed to be mine.

"But so little wooing he gives
That I'll visit the land where he lives
And say: 'Your attentions I miss;
Are we to be married or not,
My Comy adorable, what
Do you mean by such conduct as this?'

"But, pa, I can never be wed
And live as I've always been bred,
Although I'm reluctant to shirk,
Unless several maids I can hire
To sweep and bake, stir up the fire,
And help me along with the work."

"O, hang the expense! Never heed!
I'll furnish whatever you need!"
The sovereign said in a trice;
"Just mention the number required
To keep you from getting too tired
And make the work easy and nice."

"You darling old monarch!" she cried,
"Three thousand first girls you'll provide
And two thousand five hundred second,
And five thousand five hundred cooks,
All virgins — I see by your looks
The number is more than you reckoned."

"Oh! n — o!" gasped the generous King,
"And if 'tis a possible thing,
My agent shall fill the demand."
In the *Times* he inserted an "ad"
For 11,000 virgins, and had
It scattered all over the land.

His agent wrote "pardon omission
To fill up the queer requisition —
As yet I have barely begun."
"Hurry up!" wrote the King, "I insist!
Don't dally, but finish the list!
Take applicants just as they run!"

At last the great army collected
With baggage and rations, expected
  Through provinces pagan to go forth ;
To the ocean they wandered along,
A motley and versatile throng—
  Just 11,000 virgins, &c.

The pilgrims took turns at the oar*
As they wheeled from the Colchester shore
  'Mid morning's delectable tints.
And they rowed up the ravishing Rhine †
In the shadow of forest and vine,
  To the castle of Coman, the Prince.

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* They never had paddled before, but they wheeled from the Colchester shore and headed for Netherland ground ; and Ursula said, "it would seem British maidens must row the trireme, for there isn't a Row-man around."

† And when they were well under way they heard Virgin Ursula say as they skirted the border of France : "To-night we'll replenish our food ; you've been so exceedingly good, we'll all of us stop at Mayence." They seemed to have misunderstood, for they shouted : "O jolly ! O good ! we'll quit these riparian haunts ! O, salt-horse and hard-tack, good-by ! We'll revel in chicken and pie and stay over night at her aunt's !" And then she began to explain, and the navvies began to refrain from the pending hilarious prance ; and they wept and disheveled their curls, and 'twas rather a sick lot of girls that tied up that night at Mayence.

From her galley she caroled a song,
"Dear Comy! Thou'st waited so long
I've brought a proposal to thee —
As follows, that I will be thine
If thou'lt change thy religion for mine
And go to our meeting with me."

Prince Coman replied like a man,
"I tumble at once to your plan;
Provide me six meals every day
And I care not a cent for the rest;
I'll flop, as you neatly request,
At whatever meeting you say."

And so they were married in style,
The Prince his elaborate smile
O'er all the festivity shedding;
They passed the convivial cup,
And eleven thousand virgins stood up
As bride's-maids to witness the wedding.

What happened to them after this
We know not, nor ever can guess;
No more has the chronicle told;
And twelve hundred summers have gone
Since the story romantic was drawn
From the brain of a minstrel of old.

But churches that need to be founded
Can scarcely be properly grounded
  Unless they can build on a martyr;
So three men devoutly inclined
One day went prospecting to find
  An eminent name for a "starter."

They presently struck an antique —
A graveyard along by the creek,
  The burial-place of the Romans;
And one said "I have an idea:
This grave is St. Ursula's here,
  And that over yonder is Coman's!"

They dug up the bones for a mile
In every conceivable style,
  And strung them on wires as they found them;
Then canvassed the world and collected
Some millions of cash and erected
  A temple of worship around them,

Remarking "they seem to be dead;
Some six hundred summers have fled
  And no one is living that knew them,
And so you can see at a glance
'Tis doubtfully certain, perchance,
  That possibly Attila slew them!"

How cool and "collected" they look,
Each perched in a curious nook
And gladly the planet forsaking;
And one has her chin on her knee-pan
As if she'd determined to sleep an
Eternity thus without waking.

In silver a few are encased,
But suddenly stop at the waist,
As if a sour monk had essayed
To improve on the woman that grew
From the dust and the flowers and the dew
In Eden's delectable shade.

And over the cardiac part,
Where fluttered the virginal heart,
A little tin damper is set;
A sensible thing to provide,
For a tempest is raging outside
And the morning is dismal and wet.

Our guide is a corpulent priest,
(Not priggish or dull in the least—
His eyes have a jocular wink;)
The Doctor inquires: "Mr. Priest,
Were all the surrounding deceased
Exclusively maidens, you think?"

"Perhaps," says the guide, with a smile,
As they walk up the osseous aisle,
"A few might be widows — or wed."
The Doc. finds a queer little bone
And asks, "Were they all fully grown?"
"Excepting the children," he said.

"And Father! we're off by ourselves;
Were all of these folks on the shelves
Of similar sex, do you ken?"
"All females," responded the guide,
"Excepting the boys that had died,
And soldiers and elderly men."

The Doctor was stricken with awe,
And he said of the things that he saw:
"A wonderful, wonderful sight!
All virgins! including the drummers
And peasants and strangers and bummers,
And soldiers that fell in the fight!"

Go visit St. Ursula's church
Where virgins were found in the search —
Eleven thousand, precisely, they say;
They dealt in extremely round numbers,
And went to their ultimate slumbers
In quite a symmetrical way.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

What is this white, tremendous, gleaming cliff?
This is the great Cathedral of Cologne.
The moon submerges all its silver mass
Until it shines like some resplendent star
Slipped from the leash of God.
Above the earth,
Above the knot of narrow, tangled lanes,
Above the grinning gargoyles, mottled tiles
And crooked gables, where the myriad poor
Are starving in their melancholy huts,
It lifts its wilderness of pinnacles,
And mounts, a lustrous vision, to the sky.
Poor women, kneeling on its marble floor,
Around their wan forms draw their tattered garb,
And humbly cross themselves and count their beads,
And murmur prayers, their faces all aglow
With solemn joy that they have starved themselves
To build this splendid bauble.
At the door
A wild-eyed, haggard, hunger-stricken throng
Clamor for bread, and pat their bony chins
And cry "O, give! give! give! For Mary's sake!
For God's sake, give!"
Beneath the scowling roofs

That seem the lairs of dragons, black and low,
Huddle the squalid brood of Want. They crouch
In all the huts along the writhing streets,
In every cellar by the river's brink —
The hordes of Ignorance, Disease and Sin,
And Pestilence, the spawn of Poverty.
For six long centuries these walls have grown ;
For six long centuries the monks have begged ;
For six long centuries the hapless ones,
With faces white, have hushed their famished babes,
And dropped into the treasury of the church
The precious pennies they had saved for bread.

For every buttress in the mighty pile,
Armies of wretched men have delved and dug
And sweated, down in mines, in sultry fields,
Before great furnaces of fire — engulfed
And swathed in mental darkness grim, without
A hope of knowledge or of liberty.
For every Pope's head carved in spotless stone,
For every finger white that points to Heaven,
For every superstition outlined free
Within the vaulting nave, whole villages
Of reverent-hearted women have given up
All of Life's comforts—choosing penury,

Disease, prostration, destitution, death ! *
For every gorgeous angel that looks in
Through the dædalian labyrinths that blaze
In decorated windows, want and woe
Have been apportioned unto helpless babes —
Children enough to make a blooming heaven ! †

Six hundred years have passed away, and more,
Since Conrad of Cologne first blessed the site
Whereon to rear this temple. Just a year
He gave the architect, the legends say,
In which to bring to him the finished plans.
The architect did, many a time and oft,
See all its fair proportions in a dream,
But could not catch and fix the fleeting vision.

* But death is only life in embryo ;
And life is only death in masquerade.
For every coffin to a cradle turns
And rocks a life to beauty under ground.

† I wonder if it would not be as well
If every clanging bell in every tower
Were ringing from a factory cupola,
And offering work to every willing hand.
And calling artisans from happy homes
To plow and anvil, loom and wheel, to earn
Comforts and luxuries for them they love ?

I ponder on the pleasant problem, too,
How many common-schools the total cost
Of this majestic temple would have built
Along the sunny valleys of the Rhine !

As the last day drew nigh, the frenzied man
Fled to the forest overcome with grief,
And through the bannered aisles bewailed aloud
That all the laggard year had yielded naught.
A storm o'ertook him in an awful gorge,
And then (I quote the legend of the church,)
A bolt of lightning cleft a giant oak,
And from the cloven tree, alert and tall,
The arch-fiend, Satan, stept. "Ah ! Here you are ! "
He said unto the puzzled architect,
" Here are the plans ! Sorry I've kept you waiting ! "
And vanished underground.
Those very plans,
The priests declare they've followed ever since.

I but repeat the legend of the church.
I do not know. Perhaps the tale is true.

CHAPTER X.

THE RHINE.

Our Hudson ! Now from Cohoes
To Hackensack it flo-hoes ;
From far above the Mohawk
To opposite New Yo-hawk.
In beauty it is vying
With Europe's vaunted Ry-ing :
As high its highest highlands —
As picturesque its islands —
Its villages are neater,
Its steamers larger, fleeter,
Its current vastly better,
And, some imagine, wetter.
But can it boast a ruin
Beneath the waning moo-in,
And fairies dressed like ladies
Along the Palisadies,
And dragons spreading terror
And trouble everywherror ?

Then it may give up vying
With Europe's vaunted Ry-ing,
Until it turns and flo-hoes
From Hackensack to Cohoes.

•

BENEATH Cologne the bridge of boats upon the river sways and floats; the mediæval city dotes upon the mediæval sign; there is no mark of progress save the steamer sitting on the wave,—all else is silent as the grave along the ruin-haunted Rhine.

Now up the river southward bound, through vistas of enchanted ground; the hills, with feudal castles crowned, weave mantles of the verdant vine; along the wave trip fairy bands, and Lorelei bewitching stands upon the cliff, and waves her hands above the shadows of the Rhine. The precious hill-sides!—every foot to fair fertility is put; bright cereal and fragrant fruit along the teeming valley shine, and charming pictures are espied behind, before, on either side, as through trim terraces we glide around the windings of the Rhine. On Rolandseck there hangs a frown; the Drachenfels looks sternly down; old haunted castle-ruins crown the woody heights of Hammerstein; the Sternberg still could tell a tale of Conrad and the

Holy Grail, and Guda sees her image pale within the mirror of the Rhine!

Here Lahneck bends its swarthy brows. On yonder slope King Wenceslaus quaffed of the fatal Asmanhaus and swapped his heavy crown for wine; here floats at anchor on the stream a mossy mill whose slow wheels seem to slumber as they doze and dream and softly dip the drowsy Rhine. At Bingen looms the bloody tower where peasants saw the mice devour the wicked bishop in an hour and off the unhallowed fragments dine, because he organized a "Ring" to raise the price that food would bring —to want and death abandoning the famished dwellers of the Rhine.*

Here, halting at the Bingen dock, we see pedestrian tourists flock, each decked in gaudy alpenstock to brace the inefficient spine; knee-breeches, too, and on his hat a cotton veil so flaunting that he'd sit upon it if he sat;—thus graced they tramp the shadowy Rhine. Upon the boat a noise annoys the thoughtful tourist and destroys all meditation—'tis the boys that

* He got a corner upon wheat, rye and all sorts of things to eat; he bulled the market on the street and, so that rivals couldn't compete, bought up the Transportation Line. Let such the Vermin-Vengeance fear! The moral of it should as clear to our Monopolists appear as speculators on the Rhine.

shout the praises of their fine assortment of the travel-books—the Satchel, Harper's, Murray's, Cook's,—the "Poetry of German Brooks" and "Ancient Legends of the Rhine." I read the latter chronicle; 'tis crowded with improbable romances, fabulous and dull. Compare them, if you please, with mine, printed below—done on the spot—not brilliant, may be, but they're what is better—truthful to a dot,—

AUTHENTIC LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

The Hermit of Grau.

The Church of Grau convenes its pious flock
Where once the Friar dwelt beneath the Rock
In a huge Cavern on Hecheimer hill;
A priest points out the yawning fissure still.
The Cavern had three corners, and, in one,
The saintly Friar slept when prayer was done;
The next a gentle Doe inhabited,
And in the third a Lion made his bed.
The Hermit's righteous influence seemed to move
His comrades dumb to confidence and love.
At morning's hour he often used to bring
Greens from the glade and water from the spring;
At noontide hot he begged from door to door,
And thus he fasted three days out of four.

On the same round his tenants used to go
And beg and fast — the Lion and the Doe.

And yet they were unhappy, he could see ;
And so he said "My dears, explain to me
Why promenade you with averted eyes
And troubled looks and melancholy sighs ?
Why shun you pleasant paths about the town ?
Why seldom go you both the hillside down ?"
They clasped his neck and cried " Protector dear !
Of late we may have acted rather queer,
Because we feel we look exceeding odd
Whene'er we take a morning walk abroad.
Perhaps it never has occurred to you
That we don't dress as other Germans do."

He glanced at them and started with a cry
Of wild surprise ! A peddler wandering by
He stopped, and, blushing at his negligence,
He bought, for small expenditure of pence
(Kreutzers or pfennigs) each a bright green pair
Of spectacles, to deck his features fair.
Thus ornamented, forth they sauntered down
All unconspicuous in the crowded town.
Years passed. Devout and solitary, he
Increased in indolence and sanctity

Until the people of the humble vale
Began to fear their darling hopes would fail,—
To build a church whose white foundation-stones
Should rise around his venerated bones.
He was so very holy and unclean —
His mendicancy had such tattered mien,—
Hecheimer folks to one another said :
" Such men are scarce ; and, when 'tis known he's
dead,
The saint-collecting people of the plains
Will come and steal his sanctified remains.
We therefore will adopt a safer plan —
We'll kill him now and get him while we can ! "

An expert sub-committee, armed with swords,
Was sent, instructed in the following words :
" Release his spirit for the starry sphere,
But save his bones to build an altar here."

They halted at the entrance to the cave
Until their chief the thrilling signal gave,
When in they rushed !
Confounded and amazed
The visitors a cry of wonder raised —
The Friar and his humble friends had fled
And through the azure vanished overhead !

Now, for a mark (Hecheimer money) they
Will show the awe-struck tourist, any day,
An angel's foot-print on the granite floor
And a small bit of glass of bottle-green ;
And all who these conclusive proofs have seen
Will never doubt the legend any more.

Legend of the Zöringen Bog.

Duke Staufen of Zöringen had
Two lusty pairs of twins,
Named Saar and Laar and Kaar and Aar,
Sent on him for his sins.
He also had, the Legend says,
Ten daughters to his lot,
And one of these, Mathilde, was good
And all the rest were not.
The Duke was wild, but well he knew
What truth and duty were ;
" I'm wicked, but," he meekly sighed,—
" I'll make a nun of her."
So said, he wound an Alpine horn*
From off the castle keep,
Then through the great portcullis sped,
And down the bosky steep,

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* About four fingers deep.

Across the specter-haunted wood,
Across the tangled fen,
Around the towering cliff unto
The dreadful Dragon's den.
For ninety years the Dragon huge
Had dwelt beneath the rock
Devouring lambs and maidens sweet
From many a farmer's flock,
And now the hairy monster lay,
As he had often done,
Outside his lair, upon the sward,
A-sleeping in the sun.
"Good morning, Duke," the Dragon said;
"I'm awful glad you came,
For I can scoop your top-knot off
At our familiar game."
So saying, he a pack produced
From a convenient ledge
And dealt, remarking casually,
"I think you have the age."
They put up chips, then drew to fill;
The Dragon called for four,
And calmly said, "I raise you ten."
The Duke said, "twenty more."
And so they kept advancing chips

'Till all the Duke's were gone,
And then he put four serving-men
And forty mules in pawn.
"Put up your watch!" the Dragon cried,
"And eke your diamond ring."
"They're at My Uncle's," said the Duke,
"I put them up last spring;
But I defy your mocking bluff;
I'll back the hand I drew;
There's Saar and Laar and Kaar and Aar!—
The twins I'll wager you!"
"N. g.," the Dragon sighed, "but bet
Your three cows, if you dare —
I've always found that three of a kine
Is better than two pair!"
'Twas done. The Dragon raised again,
Saying, "I see you filled,
But I will stay till break of day,
For yet you have Mathilde!"
The Duke was certain of his game
And shouted, "she is thine
If thou canst win; I'd stake my head
Upon this hand of mine!"
"I'll call you!" fierce the Dragon cried;
The Duke, with pallid face,

Displayed his hopeful cards, four kings
Defended by an ace.
The Dragon yelled and showed his hand;
He had a surer thing
That generally rakes the pot —
Four aces and a king!
Just then, adown the daisied slope,
Came tripping sweet Mathilde,
And, glancing at the losing hand,
Cried, "Father! Have you filled?"
"Yes, *he* has filled, but I have not,"
The Dragon said, and gave
One monstrous gape and swallowed her,
Observing, "Now I have."
That moment Fritz Gehildegund,
Her lover, strolled along,
Picking the posies by the path
And caroling a song,
Pretending he had nothing on
His mind, as lovers will,
Although, of course, he knew that she
Had just come down the hill.
Sudden he spied the Monster there
Asleep upon the lawn,
And, instantly suspecting where

His darling one had gone,
As quick as thought he drew a flask
Intended for his foes,
And sprinkled holy water on
The Creature's direful nose!
The Dragon with an awful jar
Exploded on the green
As if he were a blown-up Czar
With nitro-glycerine!
And fair Mathilde stepped gaily forth
And said, "He's hurt, I guess;
The hateful, good-for-nothing thing!
How he has mussed my dress!
Fritz, it was rather kind of you
The Dragon's hand to call;
Now you may walk along with me
And carry my parasol."
The Duke in terror fled from where
The brute had burst and sunk,
And being scared about to death
Became a holy monk.
Mathilde received, from sisters nine
And brothers four, a letter a
Week from that, "We've taken vows
Of chastity, *et cetera.*"

The meadow where the Dragon died
Became a muddy fen,
All dark and deep and odious
And fathomless to men,
And there, at night, five phantom boats
Glide through the oozy brush
All painted like the winning cards—
The diamond royal flush.
And so, to children in their cribs
And warriors in their wine,
The Legend of Zöringen Bog
Is known along the Rhine.

---

*A Recent Legend.**

The red Russian sun had set,
But a warm tint lingered yet
And suffused the heights of Kharizanlïnskoi,
Near which a maiden dwelt
Named Tscheckernigvenskiveldt,
And she loved Olonelaf the soldier boy.

---

* Illustrating here the remark of Tom Moore, alluding to immigrants coming ashore: "Has no Algerine or Kamschatkan arrived? No Plenipo-pasha, three-tailed and ten wived? No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name nearly shatters to fragments the trumpet of fame?"

He took off his scarlet hat
And she proudly whispered "That
Havelock I made most beautif'ly on *you* sits,
And your jacket is from Tschuck
And your belt from Sherkashpluck
And your boots are labeled 'Lowell, Massachusetts.'"

"Dear Tscheckernie!" murmured he
"Wilt thou still remember me,
For the absent boy as much affection have
When I'm fighting on the slope
Of Kneiffikowsumpskop,
Or crossing the Ekaterinoslav?"

"Ah, Olie, dear!" she cried,
"Am I not to be thy bride?
Nothing never can dissever me from thee;
Would that I to-day could ride off
At thy side through Kameskidoff
To the army at Pravolazhopperskae!"

And he urged "My love! My own!
Wilt be true when I am gone?"
And she laid her little lily hand in his;
"Wilt be true as yonder star
When I'm fighting for the Czar
At Osmanjik or Phillipopolis?"

And she answered "Here I swear!
You may wander everywhere,
I will never smile on any other love—
Not the Prince of Solienkorsk,
Or of Krasnovitcheborsk,
Or the Baron of Zirpoukwiamzahov."

Then she swooned and lay as dead,
While he snatched his gun and fled
To join his general, Nepokotichitski:
"Farewell, thou peerless damsel!
I go to Dschesairvemsel,
And possibly to Kizilkirghivitski."

Three years he stayed away,
Then wrote his love one day
"A foolish war; I hope we're nearly through it;
Two months we have bombarded
Bosna-Serai, mountain-guarded,
And yesterday the castle tumbled to it.

"Last Saturday we took
Valeditski-Bonzoulouk
To-day we're taking Solgoditchefinsk;
To-morrow we shall go
Through Lotchokjavanavo,
And home by way of Bogorodibinsk."

Now she loved another, and,
When the letter came to hand,
They were swinging both together on the gate,—
Johann Hildburghmingenhausen,
Born in Schwartzeburg-Kniphausen,
And they married, leaving Olie to his fate.

The next winter, every morn
To the birds she flung some corn,
And she fed the very ravens that had wheeled
Over warring southern zones,
And had picked poor Olie's bones
On the Bielowkourokino battle-field.

These tales of love and death, mayhap, are sad, but who would give a rap for the wild yarns of Kiefer-Kapp? These are the only genuine; and if your fancy's not too strong, and sense is more to you than song, you'll take this little book along to guide you on the Middle Rhine.

The pictures!—how they shift and change in magic transposition strange! Here shoots aloft a mountain range, arising with abrupt incline; here velvet meadows calmly flow and brooks come singing soft and low their tinkling treasures to bestow upon the glacier-cradled Rhine.

Yonder a diva plays coquette upon a ducal parapet, and there a crucifix is set, and here a little wayside shrine, and here a king without a throne,—without a scepter of his own—has built a prison-house of stone above the ripples of the Rhine.

The aster—day's transcendent star—beside the hedge-row shines afar; about the base of Altenaar delinquent honeysuckles twine, and many a common meadow flower—child of the Rhenish sun and shower—is sweetly set as beauty's dower along the valley of the Rhine. The blossoms down the hill-side chase each other in a merry race with eager eye and glowing face: angelica and columbine, campanula and lilies rank run stooping o'er the weedy bank where erst the water-witches drank, and dabble in the flowing Rhine.

While I was on the deck to-day near Miss Lavine, I heard her say to Bates: "Yes, one must go away, but why should any heart repine? The absent ones are often near"—I hurried on (the words I fear were not intended for my ear) and gazed upon the happy Rhine. And Mr. Duff and Betty B. are rather cosy on the lee; he folds the shawl for her and she exclaims: "O! this is just divine!" But Mrs. B. is posted nigh and on them keeps a furtive eye

all mindful of the by-and-by—and so we drift along the Rhine.

The night is cool. We draw our wraps around us and across our laps. The Colonel has recourse to schnapps, but I shall stick to my quinine; I'm glad Mayence has come in sight where we are booked to stop to-night. I told you so! I've got a bite! There *are* musquitos on the Rhine!

The river, when you're southward bound, shows vistas of enchanted ground; the hills, with ruined castles crowned, wear mantles of the fruity vine; along the wave trip fairy bands, and Lorelei bewitching stands upon the cliff and waves her hands above the shadows of the Rhine.

CHAPTER XI.

TO ITALY—VERONA.

Italia! Heritage of sun and song!
  Through vistas of the Rhenish Alps I gaze
  At thy mirage above the Southern haze,
Where languidly the Arno creeps along
The land beloved of poets. Still among
  The Tuscan vines the sportive Satyr plays
  As in the pleasant old Arcadian days
When Dante wrote and Beatrice was young.
And yet is thine a melancholy dower
  Of beauty, for 'tis very sad to see
    So fair a land so full of sorrowing!
How long shall timid peasants kneel to power,
  And by anointed robbers plundered be—
    The twin banditti of the priest and king!

THE days wander by in the mist of a dream. We lounge on the bank of the beautiful stream; the bright hills of Bingen, at dawn of the day, all vine-clad, go placidly stealing away, and Heidelberg rises, enchanting and fair, its

"Schloss" hanging high in the blue of the air—a ruin ideal, dark, cavernous, vast—a sepulchre mighty, entombing the past, and shrouded in leafage that clings over all, concealing the blood-stains that darken the wall. The Neckar shines sweet in the valley below; beyond it the meadows meandering flow like those which, in Eden's perennial bowers, from Auran rolled East to Seleucia's towers; above is the peak of the old Palatine with its bastions of gray and its turrets of green; a thousand birds nest in its verdurous crown and the leaf-woven banners hang over the town.

The castle springs out on the perilous ledge and, balancing over the uttermost edge, upon the black phantoms of memory broods—a Demon of Sin in the heart of the woods! If once you have seen its perversion of grace, the horrors amorphous deforming its face, its clandestine passages, terrible cells, and the midnight despair of its underground hells, with the wind in the arches repeating the groans and the blood trickling fresh in the red of the stones,—once seen, the grim terror is with you for aye; it haunts all your visions and will not away; a nightmare incumbent—an ogre of dread, like the pirate's dissevered and luminous head, with eye-sockets empty and gore-matted hair,

and fierce jaws uncurtained and teeth grinning there, all dripping with kelp and the ooze of the deep, that rocks on the breast of a maiden asleep.

. . . . . , . .

One trunk is behind. But the feeling is strong that it must overtake us before very long. The public officials to whom are consigned our persons and baggage in transit, we find more careful* and vigilant than are the best that the traveler meets in the land of the West. They seem to regard every passenger here as *non compos mentis*, and hasten to rear around him a system of guards to prevent any harm on the highway that *they* represent—protecting each man from all sorts of mishaps to himself, wife or children, dog, parrot or traps.

For instance: In Glasgow I left in my room, departing one morning, a little whisk broom and a garment which I had but recently worn. By a roundabout path (through the lakes) we were borne to Edinburgh, and, on arriving at night, a message from Glasgow astonished my sight, (the lost were rejoining their owner again!) "Sent parcel by Campbell on two o'clock train."

* The true "baggage-smasher," so far as is known, like the 'possum, is found in no land but our own.

There 'twas, sure enough, for it presently came all neatly tied up and addressed to my name.

On starting for London the garment once more hid under the pillow, the same as before, and I didn't miss it until we were all at the end of the journey arrayed in the hall of the vast and chaotic hotel, "Midland Grand," when a "night express" package was put in the hand of our busy conductor. He tore it a bit, looked puzzled, and, failing to recognize it, transferred it to others. "Not mine," said Miss B., who tore it some more; "'tisn't mine," said young D.; "nor mine if I know it," said Dr. A. Green; "nor mine!" (rather sharply) said Laura Lavine, and tore it all open to light—I'm afraid revealing the object for which it was made, and plainly disclosing the rubicund braid. "Nor mine," murmured I—not, perhaps, very loud, for I didn't desire to appear to be proud.

A hall-boy I feed, and at night in the gloom, the fugitive garment arrived at my room.

I carefully packed it on leaving; but when from Antwerp we sped, I forgot it again!

Cologne. Hotel Disch. We drove into the door, and all disembarked from our carriages four, when, sudden, a cry of resentment and wrath from little Miss Bellows who stood by the path: "Whose *is* this intrusive and bother-

some rag stuck into the top of my traveling-bag?" My garment! With red face and vehement air she flung it away in the broad porte cochére!

I got it. Next morning, when called for the train, I left it—hid under my pillow again! Two days up the charming Rhine Valley we wound, and the broad hotel-cottage at Heidelberg found, when—what on the portier's table should be but that much-abused parcel directed to me!

Thus, morning by morning, it takes up the chase and runs the fantastic and comical race.

The coat of the Sultan, bewitched at the pool, was seen, like a kite, sailing over Stamboul. So, gazing aloft, we our journey pursue; the phantom each moment may flash into view, emerge from a cloudlet and float overhead, a luminous toga,* embroidered with red!

. . . . . .

The Brenner Pass closes about us. On high the Tyrolese Alps wheel impressively by appareled in verdurous vines to the sky. The road that we thread is a marvel of art,—of all

* A toga's a sheet and a button. I'd credit the saying, but I have forgotten who said it.

that we see a symmetrical part, deep-hidden in Austria's mountainous heart. Vast culverts of masonry fetter the rills where the song of the summer in ecstasy thrills, and streamlets are paved to the tops of the hills.

Behind us the clouds and the mountains are one; from the arrowy trail to the zenith they run, annealed in the blaze of the vanishing sun. A massive peak shines with the wonderful glow that Iris alone has the power to bestow on the rapturous vision of mortals below. Or is it a cloud whose fair edges down-curl, or a mountain whose buttresses softly unfurl, in pennons of amethyst, jasper and pearl, a wavering splendor of lavender light from a brooch set with jewels transcendently bright, hung low on the palpitant bosom of night?

A cliff flung between shuts the picture away; but yonder, reflecting the last smile of day, a tremulous cloudlet of lilac and gray hangs poising and fluttering over the glen, and just as we think it will slip from the ken and pass to invisible vapor again, it floats like a phantom, its fringe is unrolled revealing a bastion whose shadows enfold a turreted castle of purple and gold!

Again o'er the picture the black rock is bowed.

Is earth with such magical colors endowed?
Was yon apparition a mountain or cloud?

. . . . . .

Hotel at Verona.

The morning shone fair on motley groups under the balcony there. Street hucksters were scattered all over the square. I heard their discordant and chattering cries beneath their colossal umbrellas—the size that Brobdingnag spread before Gulliver's eyes.*

A brunette tripped past like a vision of grace, her feet shod with sandals,—a netting of lace creeping over her head and half veiling her face. But most of the vendors we saw from the door were sadly unkempt and uncomely, and wore the wretched, fortuitous rags of the poor.

A guide led us forth through a city decayed and its tarnished magnificence proudly displayed: the ornate Cathedral, the old Roman gates, the ruined remains of King Pepin's estates, that marvel of sculpture, the Scalligers' tomb,† still blossoming white like a lily in

* Some twenty feet wide and with gay colors sprent on the canopy over the merchandise bent, the thing was a market to every in-tent.

† Recalling how Dante, his work just begun, found shelter with them and his bright fancies spun when Florence expelled her illustrious son.

bloom,* the Montague house and the Capulet halls, superb Della Scala and Romeo's walls, and the vast amphitheater, standing alone, a gloomy and dread reminiscence of stone (the low growl of lions still murmurs around, and the wail of the martyrs is heard underground. †)

. . . . . .

Just off a side-street, from the racket removed, is the tomb of fair Juliet, loving and loved. Our guide had some trouble in hunting it down, although from a boy he had dwelt in the town. A garden, he thought, somewhat off from the road, not far from the faded monastic abode of the holy Franciscans, the monolith kept where the Capulet maiden for ages has slept.

"Ah! Here is the gate, just as Pappili said; come in; go around the asparagus bed; look out for the cabbage! don't step on the rows! now over this heap of old rags, I suppose——"

"See here!" cried the voluble Colonel; "I say! was Shakespeare obliged to approach it this way?"

---

* Mrs. Cowing looked on with a smile quite serene; then, coming away, she exclaimed, "Dr. Green! Strikes *me* that's as *nice* lot of tombs as we've seen!"

† Some eighteen odd centuries since, when 'twas new and emperors slaughtered the Christian and Jew, it gave 50,000 spectators a view.

"The wust lookin' garden!" said Solomon Judd—"the weeds! why, they might a'most cut 'em for wood! Jest see them pertaters! I warrant they will be terrible little and few in a hill!"

"We're wrong!" the guide shouted; "we're off of the track; the spot's over yonder! We'll have to go back."

"The path!" cried Miss Betty, "infallible clews! for here I've picked up one of Romeo's shoes!" She lifted by one string (and laughed a gay peal) a castaway brogan run down at the heel!

We passed some more turnips and parsnips and peas, some barren vines trailing, a few hives of bees, and a very elaborate smell, which, at best, was shop-worn and damaged, it must be confessed, and scarcely from Araby, christened "the Blest."

The Colonel edged up to the guide, on the right, and whispered "Is Constantinople in sight? That opulent smell, I am sure, must be blown from Constantinople—or else from Cologne."

"That perfume? That's nothing at all!" said the guide; "merely hatching cocoons from the oven inside."

We took a great gasp and next moment were

led to a corner that sheltered a tumble-down shed, quite ancient and worn; it was built, it is plain, for buggies to drive under out of the rain, and just where the horse could conveniently drink while standing to wait, is a ponderous sink quite empty—a marble or porphyry box with space to entomb the remains of an ox. The holes at the bottom, as one would suppose, the primitive use of the casket disclose. 'Twas once an imperial bath-tub, 'twould seem, or the watering-trough of some ancient regime.

But here for the wondering crowds it is set as the genuine coffin of poor Juliet, and tenderly laden each day of the year with the personal cards of the visitors here. I glance at those lying conveniently near: "Duke of Molineau, France." "Josie Hawley, New York." "John Marshall, Chicago, Ill., Jobber in Pork." "The Rev. Clarence Dudds, Vicar of Leeds." "Noah Pettingill, Wethersfield, Cucumber Seeds." "Carl Smith." "E. A. Webber." "Nell Rogers." "A. Johnson." "F. Pope." "Mary Brayman, Milwaukee, Wisconsin." "Lord Anglesey." "Patrick O' Duffy of Knock." "A. A. Adams, Pittsburg." "Cates-Gress, Little Rock." "Hi Wae and Gin Sling, of Kee Pokawah, China." "Belinda P. Bisbee-

Lee, South Carolina." "John Smith." "C. A. Pillsbury, Flour, Minnesota." "De Gustibus Mulligan, Mandan, Dakota." "Fitz James Montmorency, the Marquis of Lewes." "Frank Perkins, Woonsocket, Brass Buttons and Screws." "Barjonas Brown, M. C." "Elizabeth Rohon,"— &c., &c., &c., and so on.

"Say, Mister," said Solomon Judd to the guide that exhibits the "tomba"—"them holes at the side—two of 'em behind and two of 'em in front — I never see caufins rigged so in Vermont."

"Zoze hole," said the man, with a serious face, as he stooped in the tub and examined the place, "Vos made zare" (he put through his hand to the ground and earnestly wriggled his fingers around) "so *zat* when ze weather be *too* much ver warm, ze poor Julietta can stick out her arm!"

And when we inquired where the body had gone, they said "every bit is soaked up by the stone, the flesh and the hair and the teeth and the bone!"

. . . . . .

We called at the Capulet mansion once more, where the great hat heraldic hangs over the door; and, feeing a servant, he led me away to a room just disclosed to the light of the day—

young Juliet's boudoir, with its portal long sealed, that only an accident lately revealed.

"These papers I've found in a hole in the wall," said he, "and they're just good for nothing at all—I'll see if they'll kindle a fire in the hall."

O, rapture! I seized on the time-blackened prize, tore open its tether and feasted my eyes —oh, joy!—on the long-buried chronicle there detailing the facts of that tender affair; while floating above the lost Iliad of woes was a dainty suggestion of attar of rose.

I searched the rare parcel. The letters, I found, a girl wouldn't like to have lying around. Although, after glancing them through, I was pained to see that some secrets were still unexplained, they give little hints of the time and the place that help us to judge of the state of the case.

Three of them, translated, appended below, I read by a flickering kerosene light to the rest of our party, all ready to go from ancient Verona to Venice that night:

A social letter writ by Desdemona
At Denmark's Court, to Juliet in Verona.

COPENHAGEN, Den.,
Feb. 1, 1283.

MY DEAREST JULIE:

I have *tried* to write
But there was always something in the way —
Such jolly fun, consuming half the night!
This winter, darling, has been *awful* gay.
The King, last Monday evening, gave a ball.
I went — it was a very swell affair.
Hamlet has been here *several times* to call,
And took me to the Horticultural Fair.
He gave an opera party all for *me*
And wore my favors at the Skating Rink —
(His curlicues are wonderful to see!)
So, dear, he's rather *partial*, don't you think?
The Royal ball, (of course 'tis never dull,)
Was awful crowded, and for lack of chairs
We — Ham and I — retreating where 'twas cool,
Got through the crush and sat upon the stairs.
The supper (lovely, by Pinard) was late
And I was faint. Ham made a little *dash*
And brought me back a lemon ice — then sat
Upon my fan and broke it all to smash!
Did anybody ever hint to you
That Hamlet was too fond of *wine*, my dear?

I didn't know it, but I fear 'tis *true* —
At any rate he acted very queer.
His father (he's quite touchy, you recall,)
Came panting out, just as a waltz was through,
And Hamlet shouted at him down the hall
"Horror! Go to! Old Ha'penny, go to!!"
I think 'twas *awful!* Romeo came along
And the King said, in accents quite severe,
(He probably detected what was wrong,)
"Prince! There is too much *air* for you out here!"
A scene was just prevented.
Julie, love,
Now don't be *jealous*, but I like your friend
Sir Romeo so much! He's far above
The average at the places I attend —
Talks like a book and waltzes like a dream;
If 'twasn't for Thel, (in London for a week,)
A nice flirtation I would have with him.
But Thel, you know, will hardly let me *speak*
To any man of *less than ninety* now.
R. sent me a *bouquet* — so redolent! —
Jacque and tea roses — thoughtful, you'll allow,
They must have cost ten dollars if a cent!
I'm getting frightened, he is such a goose!

But Thel. is coming home, and then good-by
To freedom — bartered for the horrid *noose* —
For we are to be married in July.
My day of happiness is nearly done.
This Lent is going to be *awful* slow!
If you were here we'd have some quiet fun —
And then, poor Romeo wants to see you so!
Oh! I attended (I forget the date)
A "small-and-early," up at Guildenstern's;
There was a sunflower placque at every plate,
And all the parlor wall was banked with ferns.
Ham's hair was shingled short — a "fighting-cut —"
And he a horrible claw-hammer wore.
Horatio's stockings *may* have *been* there but
Concealed by "troussers" reaching to the floor!
And Phelie in a dress that's quite the go,
With bustle and a long and slender waist,
Cut pompadour — disreputably low!
All this, my dear, is called "Æsthetic taste."
My dress? The Dolly Varden — green and gilt.
Ophelia drawled, "h-a-v-e I s-e-e-n t-h-a-t b-e-f-o-r-e?"
(Ironical). Well, I should say! 'Twas built
You recollect, about the time of Noah.
But I'm indifferent to her petty spite,

For Romeo said, that I was quite the belle,
And wanted me to wear it every night,
Insisting that I *never* looked so well.
Cassio was there. He is exceeding neat —
So fair of face and elegant of limb!
I think I saw Bianca on the street —— !
(The naughty thing keeps running after him.)
The german I attended Thursday night,
At Rosencrantz's was a nobby thing;
The favors were a marvel of delight:
Emile Iago got a ruby ring,
And Phelie got a Yokahama screen,
And Rosa an illuminated heart,
While I received a satin tambourine,
Made at the rooms of Decorative Art.
O, Julie! Romeo's bought an overcoat —
Just *splendid!* English melton, lined with fur;
The guard, when we were rowing in a boat,
Mistook him for a Russian officer!
It has a *cunning* pocket in the sleeve,
Which his companion, being wise, secures;
One day he said "'Tis bigger, I believe,
Than needed for that little hand of yours!"
Later! This morning early the police
Took the Prince, Hamlet, into custody,

For what they pleased to term "a breach of peace!"
Hatless, at half-past four, he wandered by,
Yelling some nonsense about Yorick's bones,
Fired a revolver at a passing bus,
And threw as much as half a dozen stones
At the front windows of Polonius!
They sent him to the Tombs, but at a word
Horatio bailed him out.
Adieu, my dove!
Don't get here *later* than the 23d.
I pine to see you.
Romeo sends his *love*.
Your loving
DESDEMONA.
P. S. How
Do ladies fix their hair in Venice now?

A letter sent by Juliet (Verona)
To Romeo, "in care of Desdemona:"
VERONA, ITALY,
February 15, 1283.

Your treason kills me, Romeo!
To sing, and row, and flirt with an
Abandoned wretch! O, how you can
Abuse — neglect — desert me so

For *her* — when she's engaged, you know,
In marriage to another man!

I've heard from Copenhagen how
You buy her splendid big bouquets,
And take her riding in your chaise,
And bind a chaplet on her brow!
I do not doubt you're with her now —
At least so *everybody* says.

That night beneath my window bars,
You swore that Juliet was your sun —
Your sweet — your angel! — Perjured one!
I wish the Capulet scimetars,
Had cut you up in little stars,
Last summer when they might have done!

A — h, N-o —— ! Alas! you still are "*dear*,"
Although you have another found,
Whom you prefer, on Kallbo Sound;
I pause to weep. . . . . .
. . . . A blinding tear
Has fallen on the paper here,
Which I have made a mark around.

Leave *me* for such a *fright* as *that!*
No one can guess what *may* occur,

When you are known to fancy her!
A freckled face! nose short and fat,
That both her eyes are gazing at!!—
You've shown your *Taste*, my gallant sir!

And *this* is the return you make
For all my sacrifice and fear!
I fooled my father every year,
And bribed the servants for the sake
Of seeing you. O, mad mistake!
O, foolish past! O, future drear!

I brought you waffles when you lay
Securely hid behind a log,
And when you (climbing up incog.)
Caught on the picket fence to stay—
Why, you'd be hanging there to-day,
If I hadn't coaxed away the dog!

I told my father of a youth
Who gave bouquets alike to two
Young girls (he didn't know 'twas you),
Perfidious to love and truth.
He sprang up and exclaimed "Forsooth
I'll bet it was a Montague!"

Dear Romeo! Mamma sternly says
My health requires that I should start

To visit at the Danish mart,
And sip the breeze that o'er it plays.
We shall be there in fourteen days —
Be still, my desolated heart!

Don't venture near that *awful* fright,
Particularly when they say
Her African has gone away!
If you will promise, honor bright,
I may — *perhaps* — forgive you quite,
Your almost broken-hearted

J.

A social letter sent to Desdemona
In that same mail, by Juliet, from Verona:

VERONA, ITALY,
Feb. 15, 1283.

DEAR DEZZIE: Your letter that reached me to-day
Was so entertaining, delicious and gay,
So crowded with news and so brimming with sport,
The talk of the town and the fun of the Court —
So sunny and gossipy — so like yourself,
You graceful, bewitching and beautiful elf,
It gave me so vivid a picture of things —
The bounty of princes and grandeur of kings —
No longer in dreary Verona I'll stay,

But hurry to you without any delay.
I'll pack up to-morrow and book for the Rhine,
(The Tyrolese Through International Line).
And Monday (with mother) depart overland.
Expect me in two days, when this comes to hand.
I thank you for keeping poor Romeo amused.
Some, knowing how matters are, might have refused,
But *you* know that friendship means giving the *whole*,
You good, self-denying, affectionate soul!
O, darling; one reason that I have delayed
Departing for Denmark is I was afraid
'Twould bring all my desolate plainness to view,
And leave me so far overshadowed by you.
'Tis *horribly* dull in Verona.
The ball
At the Scala's last week was just nothing at all.
The fairs at the church have been dismally flat,
And only four bull-fights this year — think of *that!*
You'll know it is stupid enough when I say
I've played Father Lawrence nine games of croquet!
The city is so insupportably quiet
I've prayed every day for a Montague riot.
Don't trifle with Mr. Othello, dear Dez.
He loves you. Be careful to do as he says.

And love — ah! so precious, when faithful and true,
Its devotees ought to have nothing to do
But just to remain with each other all day
And never to think about going away.
And dear, I am sure you had better not row
In the harbor at night any more, for you know
Malarial fever and death-dealing damps
Await pleasure-seekers in Cattegat swamps.
Your friends cannot spare you! Remember the fate
Of the beautiful girl from the Kaltener Strait
Who rowed every evening — the volatile thing! —
In Blaavenbelt Fiord with Othello last spring.

Although I am glad that of Romeo you're fond,
I *don't* understand how you *can* like a *blonde*.

Now, darling, by-by! for the North I am bound;
I'll be there before you can turn twice around.

If dear Mr. O. has returned to you yet,
Remember me to him, my love.

JULIET.

P. S.— I have nothing to wear. I'm a fright!
But mother and I will start Monday — at night.

P. P. S.— The girls, both in Venice and here,

Catch up their back hair in a waterfall, dear.
In front, banged — just square with the top of the
ear.

CHAPTER XII.

VENICE.

[From the New York Times-Sunbune, Jan. 4th, A.D. 3183.]

"Last night Italian savans made a wonderful discovery when the electric lights were laid beneath the Adriatic Sea. The Gulf, as lucent as the sun, uncurtained all the treasures old within its deeps and, one by one, the secrets of the ages told. A rotting city, they allege, they found beneath the gulf asleep, all petrified and draped with sedge—more than a hundred fathoms deep—'and every building brought to view stands waiting like a marble ghost; in front a petrified canoe is tied to every hitching-post. Three hundred bridges on the spot, and each is like two pairs of stairs; some minarets—assorted lot—lions and horses, bronze, in pairs.' The Paduans insist, to-day, this is the 'Venice,' which, we know, our wonder-books and legends say was sunk a thousand years ago. The superstition cannot stand; the Johann-Fiskians have shown that 'Venice' was a fabled land. No such a place was ever known. A sun-myth of Earth's early page, the tale of Venice and her doves has been repeated, age by age, (evolved from Venus and her loves;)—in Norland Sagas it is writ, in Vokka-pictures of Sennaar, in quipu that the Incas knit and Zubla-Kahl of Kandahar."

VERONA! Thou withered antique, thou relic, moss-covered and gray; thou quaint architectural freak of the Moslem, the Goth and

the Greek—we turn from thy presence to-day to the foot of the Veronese hills, where Padua sleeps in the vale, where its treasure the river outspills, and the sweet breath of Tuscany fills the shining Illyrian sail; to the lustrous lagoons and beyond, till we float to the miracle-shore where Shylock demanded his bond—from the gardens of Romeo the fond to the haunts of Othello, the Moor.

As a censer of silver is swung and swayed in the hand of a priest, so Venice, resplendent among the clouds, like a phantom is hung aglow in the opulent East. The plumes of the morning upcurl from her shimmering portals and where the fluttering vapors unfurl, she is moored amid islands of pearl in the amethyst gulf of the air. We climb the way narrow and straight to the palace of jasper and gold, and enter its beautiful gate, as the ladder of Jacob was set in the radiant vision of old.*

* O, mirage fair to cheat the eyes!—a sweet illusion of the skies—the weary traveler knows how quickly it dissolves when we the sights in garish morning see and speak of them in prose. For miles and miles across the tide the railway runs, as I have tried to indicate, (I fear in too reverberant words, and eke too subtle similes to make the meaning very clear.) Far, at the end, a station floats and spreads its wings among the boats and calmly sits and swoons and waits for us —grotesque, absurd, like some uncanny water-bird among the old lagoons.

A sudden clamor rises on the air
Like that the frogs of Windham make in Spring,
Niagara hackmen wailing for their fare,
Or Newport hucksters when they fiercely sing
The praise of porgies threaded on a string;
Or that Nantucket crier that one hears
In cackle hoarse announcing everything;
Or like the man who wants to grind your shears—
It is—it is the yell of frenzied gondoliers!

Two to a boat, one standing at each end
Upon the deck, his paddle lifted high,
Much like his voice, whose tones the azure rend.
I know not what his gestures signify,
But 'tis apparent, when we venture nigh
Their vehemence and violence increase;
At last, amid the din, we catch his eye
And strike a bargain; he is to release
His boat for thirty-five centesimi a piece.*

The gondolas are crowded close to shore
In sad and melancholy blackness dressed;
Our party is divided among four—
Each vehicle, thus laden, from the West

* Some seven cents—(hotel two miles away.) The gondolier will row for little pay—for half a dollar you can ride all day.

Like a dun heron turns its halberd crest
Towards the Rialto; how funereal
The dark flotilla, as we move abreast
Down the fair crescent of the Grand Canal—
Familiar scene of pomp and gorgeous carnival!

It is a stirring sight; the gondolier
Sways his lithe oar—a sort of cedar spoon—
And where the thick-set palaces appear
The slant rays of the yellow afternoon
Sow golden shadows on the blue lagoon;
And as we rhythmically glide along
The ladies murmur a melodious croon;
For, whether one's alone or in a throng,
The gondola's the home and habitat of song.

"All songless rows the silent gondolier"—
Else we should have to bribe him to abstain;
And if he should refuse the bribe, I fear
The croaking troubadour would needs be slain
Or all his listeners would go insane.
Whenever he, with wheezy larynx, stirs
The azure with his minstrelsy of pain,
His only object, Miss Dupont avers,
Is levying black-mail upon the passengers.

This vehicle is quite a merry craft,
And gondoliers are not at all *de trop*,
One swaying o'er the prow, the other aft,—
For 'neath the curtained canopy you're so
Secluded (if you wish it) that you go
As strictly unobserved throughout a ride
As if you trod the wilds of Mexico.
In solitude you drift along the tide
Unless, perchance, there be another at your side.

The girls — particularly Betty Bellows —
Take to the gondola, like ducks to water;
She went alone with one of our young fellows
Last evening, when her mother, rowing, caught her,
But Betty, being quite her mother's daughter,
Cried "all because I haven't any brother! —
But 'tis all right!" for quickly she bethought her —
A gondola —— but wasn't there her mother
Alone with Dr. Green a-spooning in another?

The gondola is swifter than you'd think —
It skims the water lighter than a feather
Responding to the paddle's merest wink.
And there upon the seat of Russia leathe
You sit so comfortably close together

That ever after you'll be found asserting
  There's nothing like it on the planet, whether
For eating, kissing, laughing, reading, flirting,
Or any other game that's equally diverting.

As silently we thread the watery path
  Between the marble mansions, we discover
Venice indulging in her evening bath;
  Up all the shimmering streets the bathers hover —
  White balconies they dive head-foremost over
Like athletes at a circus. Here and there
  A mother leads a little naked rover
Down into the canal, first taking care
To hold him tethered lest he wander unaware.

Here, at the great Palazzo Pallidan,
  A maiden stands upon the window's height,
Half clad in gossamer, and drops her fan
  And plunges downward like a water-sprite
  Beneath our little boat — a flash of white —
And rises on the other side anon,
  A splendid statue in the fading light,—
A rosy Aphrodite-Amazon *
Pink as the glowing cloud above the setting sun.

* "I think," Adams says, "that this lovely survivor, though thoroughly Aphroditesque, should derive her stage name, like her garb, from the Lady Go-diver."

Now up a petty water-street we turn
'Neath bridges for the narrow highways —
"*calli*"—
Our gondoliers, at every corner, warn
Approaching boats, and with their paddles dally,
And sing in monotone "*gia ē! stali!*"
While here and there, above the water, crop
In front of noble mansions, posts called "*pali*,"
With painted rings of red and blue atop —
You'd think each palace was a royal barber's shop!

Gaining the portal of the Grand Hotel
Our silver halberd enters at the door,
And, where the tides of ocean softly swell,
We step upon the tesselated floor
With many-colored marbles mottled o'er;
It seems as if it must to chaos fall,
For sluggish tides still seek in vain a shore
Beneath the stone foundations of the hall —
The ooze of centuries far underlying all.

On three sides run the rippling thoroughfares;
Along the fourth a mimic footpath creeps
Where mimic merchants magnify their wares —
Beads, velvet, soap and filigree in heaps,
Whatever the Venetian salesman keeps

Behind the tawny curtain of his shop.
As you approach, apparently he sleeps,
But he is wide awake before you stop,
As bland as Chesterfield and suave as Turveydrop.

Ours is an upper window, small and high.
Upon the smooth mosaic lane below
We hear the clattering footsteps saunter by;
Fantastically robed the pigmies go
On various errands hurried to and fro
Across the bridge. Beneath, with shoulders bare,
Two stealthy gondoliers superbly row;
The firefly on the bow just twinkling there—
Perchance 'tis all the light the enterprise will bear.

Across the street, four feet or so away,
Another open window faces mine;
If I were asked, I certainly should say
The outlook is unusually fine.
To see one's nearest neighbors dress and dine.
What's this deformity I'm gazing at?
A squinting gargoyle, sadly flushed with wine;
I reach far out and hit him with my hat
Not noticing two girls engaged in friendly chat,

Who now spring up and scream and run away,
As if they'd suffered injury or loss;—

"Pardonnez moi! 'Taint anything" — I say,—
"But just to see if I could reach across!"
In vain! they scamper off to tell the boss.
Here's a vendetta, purchased very cheap,—
I might as well have shot an albatross!
This bravo, if his injury be deep
Will lay a blighting hand upon us as we sleep!

I care not for myself, but here's my wife
All unacquainted with Venetian ways —
With jealous intrigue, turbulence and strife;
Suppose yon bravo through the window strays
And some of his rude violence displays —
Or a sly burglar, gathering his store,
Leaps from the other roof to make a raise
Into my room, where, yawning near the door,
My timid gripsack lies unharnessed on the floor!

No matter. Life is ever full of danger;
To close the sash would be to suffocate —
We'd rather entertain the savage stranger.
How still the water-streets! In vain we wait
To hear the merry roadster's clattering gait;
We miss the grocery wagon's rumbling noise.
Profound the silence! But 'tis getting late,—

Ere the invader all my peace destroys
I'll sing an anthem to September's fleeting joys :

The sultry Summer folds her weary wings
O'er earthly things,
While Autumn's coronet the wild wind weaves
Of russet leaves,
And sets around his throne the shining sheaves.

Along the lane, aster and golden-rod
Superbly nod ;
Delinquent daisies — mimic mourners — bloom
Round Flora's tomb —
[Hark, wife ! I hear musquitos in the room !]

'Tis sweet to wander at the set of sun
When day is done,
Along the mountain where the gorgeous rose,
In silence blows —
[I do declare ! They bite me through my clothes.]

The forest wind-harp, droning, all night long,
A solemn song,
Reminds us [Maggie, hit that fellow — spat !
I mashed him flat !]
Reminds us of the grand magnificat.

O'er hill and mead there steals a pensive haze
These mellow days
[Yes, wet the wash-cloth — now climb on a chair —
Take care ! take care !]
And fills with phantoms all the dreamy air.

The insect hum [well said ! you've killed three more ?
Ah ! precious gore !]
Arising where the tranquil cattle graze
Is song of praise
To every soul that loveth Nature's ways.

All conscious life — it is an awful thing !
The midge's wing
Bears up a being 'twere a sin to slay —
[*You're* there to stay ——
Confound it ! If he hasn't got away !

[They swarm around with multitudinous hum !
They come ! They come !
The fierce marauders everywhere alight ! —
Ah, wretched plight !
We shall not have a wink of sleep to-night !]

The morning comes. On glancing shyly out
Across the puny thoroughfare, one finds

Ghostly apparel fluttering about
Of intimate and confidential kinds,
Floating like banners from adjacent blinds ;
Even my gargoyle, hideous and uncouth,
Shakes quietly upon the gentle winds
A snow-white garment in his ugly mouth,
Like that embroidered garb that chased me to the South.

And now the damosels appear again.
They look not angry as they gaze at me,
Or seem so very much afraid of men ;
The one has dancing eyes — a brunette she,
The other one a blonde, my *vis-a-vis*,
With gentle eyes of blue and hair of gold —
[Italian faces not so tawny be
Since the red Lombards from the North, of old
Came down and through the land their car of triumph rolled.]

As evening falls, coquetting man and miss
Bend from the window-sills to chat, and dream,
And flirt and gossip — over the abyss
Exchanging tender tokens of esteem ;
And hands are clasped across and soft eyes gleam ;

I fancy that they might achieve a kiss
If need were very urgent and extreme.
At point-blank range, as menacing as this,
But few of Cupid's shafts can ever fly amiss.

How varied are the objects of pursuit!
In yonder casement high a virtuoso
Pathetically warbles on a flute;
And, just beneath, a black-eyed *amoroso*
Whispers soft nothings like a *cara sposo;*
While still beneath, fantastically blent,
The streams of life in tangled currents flow so—
All elements of jovial discontent
On trade and toil and fun and love and pillage bent.

The *rii* run, like water-woven halls,
Between the palaces on either hand,
Whose green and gold and amethystine walls
With umber of the creeping ages tanned,
Down gazing in the shining mirror stand,
Finding in those illuminated caves
The echo of the eye; towards the land
The Adriatic speeds her bridal waves
To woo the phantom town above the ancient graves.

I thread the narrow, labyrinthine lanes;
No beast of burden and no wheels appear,

But every peasant his own load sustains
Along the solid masonry ; and here
The cry of "*aqua fresca !*" rises clear —
"Water for sale !" from the Trevisan range —
Along the *calli*, ringing far and near,
Voice answers voice in solemn interchange
Till that strange cry resounds throughout the city strange.

Here comes a peddler, walking in a barrel,
A sort of promenading dry-goods store —
A circular drum, equipped with gay apparel
Upon its shelves — beside, behind, before,
Shoes, fezzes, shawls and pantaloons galore,
Beads, rice, polenta, window-curtains, laces,
Gems, candy, liver-pads (for sea and shore),
Pills, pencils, crucifixes, shoulder-braces
And everything, I think, that one could get at Macy's.

Here goes a washer-woman, lifting high
A pole, and at its upper end a ring *
From which all sorts of washen toggery
Upon the morning air exultant swing,
Skirts, corset-covers, stockings, everything

* Thus the Venetians, gaily lounging by, the laundried garments to the owners bring.

Stiff-starched and standing out around the hoop !
It seems some woman taking ghostly wing,
To watch this white and ostentatious coop
Upon one lofty leg perambulating troop !

Of course we go to see the wondrous flock
Of gifted pigeons over St. Mark's Square.
They never notice what it is o'clock,
Or if the Thor that wields the hammer there
Is summoning to picnic or to prayer ;
But, still, with some mysterious instinct born,
They flutter wildly in from everywhere
Exactly at the hour, each blessed morn,
The minute they observe the people scatter corn ! *

They have a history, Venetians tell.
When, centuries and centuries ago,
The Eastern fortresses of Islam fell
Beneath the assault of sturdy Dandolo,
The Christian doves co-operated so,
As couriers and patriotic spies,
That Venice galleys crushed the Moslem foe.
Thence she became the pigeon paradise,
And Venice mourns whene'er a feathered soldier dies.

* As farmer-boys, with inspiration rare, await no friendly voice to call or warn, but gallop in whene'er they hear the dinner-horn !

We go to see the Palace of the Doges,
The yawning lion's mouth, San Marco's tomb,
The Bridge of Sighs, the various horologes,
The overpraised Rialto, Shylock's room,
The subterranean prison-house of gloom
Where cruel tyrants trod upon the weak
Presaging thus their own unnatural doom,
And where the good Bucentaur went to wreck,
And where the Pope set foot on Barbarossa's neck,

And where the great cathedral broods above
Its pedestal of rotting logs and mud,
The habitation of the sacred dove
Still blinking under its Byzantine hood,
Dreaming its dream of treachery and blood ;
Its brilliant tesselations broken be,
And, catching fretted ocean's stormy mood,
Roll through the nave in undulant phantasy,
Ever encroached upon by the insidious sea.

Venice is proud — and she admits it freely —
Of everything that ever was Venetian ;
Proud that Napoleon climbed the Campanile
Upon a mule — the crown of his ambition ;
Proud of her four bronze horses (which are Grecian);

Proud of Ziani's rusty wedding-ring;
Proud of Bellini, Tintoretto, Titian;
Proud of her gondoliers who cannot sing;
Proud of her conquest by a weak Hungarian King;

Proud that she once set up the inquisition;
Proud that she once was mistress of the sea;
Proud of her most preposterous position;
Proud of her rags; proud that she once was free.
If ever she is humbled it will be
When the long-baffled tide's exultant roar
Is heard aloft, and, in tumultuous glee,
The joyous Adriatic leaps to shore
Above the splendid dream that sinks to rise no more!

CHAPTER XIII.

ROME.

Rome — mighty Rome ! Metropolis imperial !
We have come hither from the Yankee nation ;
Wherefore is altogether immaterial —
But we are tired — as tired as all creation !
A dozen pilgrims, travel-stained and weary, all,
We hasten to unlimber at thy station,
Pausing, thou rusty relic of pomposity,
Merely to gratify our curiosity.

FOR everybody said, when I departed, "Good by, old boy! Of course you'll visit Italy ; go the whole figure when you once get started —Byron and Boz have sung about it wittily, and to miss that should make you broken-hearted."

And so I answered, frankly, if not prettily, "O, yes ; I'll go to Rome, and look and walk about, to get some nice and moldy things to talk about."

It was a sultry day. The cars were soiled.

Through every crevice dust had penetrated and covered us; we had been roasted, broiled, first kalsomined with mud and then cremated. We looked like Cherokees tattooed and oiled.

As our impatient party stood and waited for carriages to come, I wondered whether a grimier crowd was ever got together.

It is a fact (although it seems absurd) that Betty Bellows didn't know her mother; so, as we rolled along, we passed the word "Unto the Tiber!" each to every other; "a bath! the Tiber!" but James Duff demurred. "It isn't fair," (protesting to his brother) "'twould make the noble Tiber sick if we should all go bathing simultaneously."

"Shun Rome in summer time!" they said in London. "You certainly will get the Roman Fever! Once in the clutch of that and you are undone—I lost an aunt there and shall ever grieve her."

But think how much Victor Emmanuel's gun done, from plague and death the city to deliver!

[Yes—I would say, grammatically, "gun did," but then my verse would be completely undid.]

As history says, there doubtless *was* a time when "pestilence submerged the Maddalena,"

for once the city oozed with filth and crime, and lions fought with men in the arena—but now the sewers are restored and I'm willing to vouch for Romans.

Nota Bena: The town is kept so clean that every citizen is very proud of the condition it is in.

Yes, "clean!" The Cloaca Maxima once more into the Tiber pitches the impurity, and all the smaller affluents as of yore furnish against the plague complete security, as when Agrippa hastened to restore these conduits for the Romans of futurity. [They always taxed the citizen, but tax 'im a great deal more for the Cloaca Maxima.]

Scarce twenty years ago the shrines of Mary
Were fewer than the maladies you'd meet;
Three hundred churches — each a cemetery —
And carcasses lay rotting in the street;
No spot the deadly menaces to bury;
But now 'tis changed and everything is neat.
When you are here you may reflect that you're in
Italia's healthiest town, excepting Turin.

Scarce are there more salubrious spots than Rome,
On any continent, in any nation;

Half of the cities that we left at home
  Require more coffins to the population
Than in the shadow of St. Peter's dome,
  And I confess it with humiliation ;
Though midnight frolics here are hardly well f'ye,
More than in our New York or Philadelphia.

But if you stay á week in Rome or Naples
  You will catch something that you do not covet ;
I mention it among the regular staples —
  No pauper is below or prince above it.
In turn each startled tourist with it grapples ;
  You catch it easiest when unconscious of it.
Don't make an effort, for it is so spry
That you can scarcely catch it when you try.

Six days in Rome — days of delight and wonder —
  Museum, church, palazzo, biblioteca,
Tomb, dome and catacomb, above and under ;
  I'll see the Pope. Perhaps he'll jerk this week a
Choice little sample of his Vatican thunder.
  [Excuse me just a minute. *—*—O, Eureka !
I'd like to know if that majestic being
Nero, before he fled, was always fleaing !]

. . . . . .

To-day we spend upon the Roman Forum —
  Our happy fortune here commemorate;
Though of our party there is scarce a quorum
  For several were asleep at half-past eight,
Which is a breach of traveling decorum.
  Here, ancient Romans held their high debate,
And, in a sort of cave of Polyphemus,
A she-wolf suckled Romulus and Remus.

Upon the classic platform we are standing
  Where, for appeal or pardon, Cæsar stood;
This shelf of travertine, a lower landing
  Where Brutus justified his deed of blood,
While grave Mark Antony walked yonder, branding
  The bold assassin to the multitude,
Moving their hearts to wrath who mourning came
And gave the body to the gods in flame.

Here, at the left, strode sorrowful Virginius
  And slew his daughter with the flesher's steel
To snatch her from that scion of Tarquinius
  Who on the people set his savage heel;
Here the plebeians, shouting for Licinius,
  Restored the freedom of the Commonweal,
Smote Appius Claudius and his wicked Ten
And set the noble Tribunes up again.

And, as we linger, clustered very near us,
Most of the Roman ruins are in sight,
The grand arch of Septimius Severus
And temple of Vespasian on the right,
The Phocion column, looming like a pharos,
The Palace of the Cæsars on the height,
The Grecostasis of Corinthian pattern,
Temples of Nerva, Antoninus, Saturn,

Tomb of the sons that sleep among the stars,
Basilica inscribed to Constantine,
Shaft reared above the godlike twins of Mars,
Temple that tells that Hadrian was divine,
Mammertine prison with its ghostly bars,
And Arch of Titus with its conqueror's sign,
Julian's, Julia's, Venus', Vesta's temples,
And twenty others of which these are samples ;

And just at hand the Colosseum somber,
The Via Sacra, Golden House of Nero,
Pyramid where the bones of Caius slumber,
Column proclaiming Trajan as a hero,
And convent Cappuccini where a number
Of moldy monks have crossed the Vicovaro,—
So near, the radius of a circle small
A thousand feet in length would touch them all !

Down to the Amphitheater one morning we drove, and there were signs of fun ahead for Solomon Judd had often given warning that Rome, to him, seemed "jest es good es dead," and all the ruins filled his soul with scorning. As we passed underneath the arch, he said, with sniff and scowl (I wish that I could paint it) "Collosh'um? Well, by George! it's holler, *aint* it? Holler, and all wore out and tumbled down! a rookery and eyesore in this valley! Over the steps the grass and weeds have grown, and dirt and rubbish block up every alley. If this ole wuthless shell was in my town, they'd vote that 'twas a nuisance, an' they'd rally and fetch their teams and scrape away the dumb thing, and build a woolen fact'ry good fer something! Wal! I'll wait here till you have gone around."

And down he sat upon a crippled fraction of sculpture.

As through galleries we wound, he brooded there in grim dissatisfaction. When we returned a reptile he had found, small and alert, that seemed a great attraction. And then he swore "why, bless my precious gizzard! The only thing alive here is a lizard!"

From the high parapet I saw to-day
Eastward the ruins of the old vivarium

Where captive tigers waited for their prey;
Southward the mangled mossy millearium —
First milestone reared upon the Appian Way;
Westward proud Trajan's ornate honorarium;
Northward, the Prætor's fortress, old and gray,
Quite preter-natural in this modern day.

A fig-leaf plucked I on the broken wall
That rises round the mighty Colosseum,
Where ferns and mosses spring and lizards crawl
And night-winds shout a boisterous *Te Deum;*
Some beggars, too, raised their insatiate bawl
So vigorously that I had to fee 'em.
Why grows the fig leaf there, the tourists guess —
Perhaps it is to hide the nakedness.

Caligula in this spot burnt alive
A long-haired, lop-eared poet out of Rhodium;
The Emperor was punctual to arrive
And watch the bonfire just below the podium.
Jove read the songs, then volunteered to shrive
The Emperor's soul, relieving it from odium;
For one was titled, "Handsome Snow," the other
"O, Oscillate Me Till I Slumber, Mother!"

A visit made I there the other night
Just as the pale moon rose above the coping;

I heard around me phantom footsteps light
Where murdered emperors were interloping,
And caught faint glimpses down the gloomy height —
Uneasy ghosts of gladiators groping ;
And there, each bit of broken column sentient,
I sat and mused upon the glories ancient.

Long hours I mused, then sadly walked away. I'm grateful to Vespasian and Titus for thus bequeathing from that servile day, this wonder to astonish and delight us ; and yet of course I see, and so I say, it does not greatly decorate the situs, and is of small account unless the ravages remind us that our ancestors were savages. The mighty shrines discovered in Japan, and temples of the Tiber, Nile, Euphrates, in Burmah, Java, Cuzco, Yucatan, by Incas, Pharaohs, or Mithridates, were reared by blood and sweat of servile man for tyrant's pride. What ruins indicate is that freedmen have begun to think about their powers and rights—investigate and doubt. The snarling Doctor is not very wrong in holding that these ragged ruins hoary are theme for satire, not for joyous song—a legacy of shame, and not of glory—unless, indeed, we bear the past along and profit by its sanguinary story:

for all this dirt there's a complete corrective
in a due sense of distance and perspective.

. . . . . .

I've seen the dread Tarpeian Rock that got
Its crimson baptism under Titus Tatius.
They used to hurl doomed traitors from the spot
And slaughter them, if history be veracious;
I'd just as soon be flung from there as not,—
'Twould merely make a culprit contumacious.
"How high is it?"—Well, somewhat high, of course,
A little higher than a good-sized horse.

I'd rather be dragged there — of course in fun —
And "hurled" from off the very topmost middle,
Than be condemned to laugh at an old pun,
Or listen to a badly tortured fiddle,
Or eat my fish or pudding underdone,
Or have my beefsteak cooked upon a griddle.
I'd rather be Tarpeian rocked, at present,
Than suffer anything that is unpleasant.

If this fall killed the prisoners of state,
They must have been quite soft or very brittle;
Perhaps they had become emaciate
Because of insufficiency of victual
And died of hunger. Manlius was great,

And if he perished of this tumble little,
He must have been, because of the invasion,
Real sick on that particular occasion.

. . . . . .

"Unto the Tiber!" Well, at last we went,
Hoping to swim it at the bridge Sublicius,
Where in the days of yore the Consuls sent
To meet the invading army, brave Horatius.
"There's no such bridge — I do not know the gent,"
The porter said, "You mean the Pons Fabricius?
There's Horratci the baker, 'cross the street —
He may be just the man you want to meet."

Two of us sought and found the bridge alone —
Pitiful specter of its early pride!
Vanishing wreck! Three piers of crumbling stone,
And an abutment staggering o'er the tide
With golden-rod and aster overgrown
Showering their petals on the waters wide.
We climbed a pier, disrobed, gave just a shiver,
Took one long gasp and plunged into the river.

And Father Tiber "lifted up the chin"
Just as Macaulay says, though in all candor
The world would take more interest if we'd been
On some such naughty mission as Leander.

Said my companion, Adams, with a grin,
" I'll bet a cent — I hope it isn't slander —
Horatius, swimming from the Volscian farmer,
Kicked off his legs that heavy iron armor."

. . . . . .

The Cemetery Cappuccini — (monks) —
Is awe-inspiring, funny, fascinating,
There sleep old friars in their ghostly bunks
In sacred earth from Holy Land, awaiting
The happy day when their delinquent trunks
Shall be repacked, and used for decorating —
The bones on wires o'er wall and ceiling hung up,
In blossom, leaf and vine festooned and strung up.

In wreaths, hearts, crosses, lilies, pansies, roses,
The resurrection runs from room to room ;
The dead revive in strange metempsychosis —
Disjointed skeletons are made to bloom ;
The early martyrs every glance discloses
In grotesque waltz around the ghastly tomb.
Which bones belong to which ? There'd be a skurry
If they should ever need them in a hurry !

Here, crouching in the wall, is one old fellow,
The " crop of '42 " (the recent section,)
No shroud — some spotted flesh decayed and yellow

A dirty beard that holds a scant connection
With yawning jaw, and such a Yorick smell, oh !
And on the face a smirk of satisfaction !
You can't help smiling, as you linger there,
And wonder if he's gone to Heaven, or where.

"This," said our guide, a monk of cheerful chatter,
Laying his hand upon a bony pile,
"Is Brother Loridas ; — next week we scatter
Him into patterns of the latest style.
Just lovely ! Now I do not like to flatter,
But such bones you'll not find in many a mile.
Dear Brother Luca,— this heap over here —
Will be worked up into a chandelier.

"*This* pile, before it crumbled down, was kneeling.
'Tis Brother Pedro, dead seven hundred years ;
He was a creature of real human feeling,
And much more lively than he now appears.
He'll make, upon the vestibule's high ceiling,
An angel's wing, if nothing interferes." —
But here we left, for it was getting tedious,
Besides, it seemed a trifle sacrilegious.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROME.

If you should go across the sea
  Leave not your common-sense at home;
You'll need it for a referee
If you should go across the sea,
Unless you would defrauded be
  In London, Paris, Venice, Rome;
So when you go across the sea,
  Leave not your common-sense at home.

Now for the Appian Way — that path of splendor
  Around which clustered all the ancient glories;
Through which heroic victor and defender
  Strode so majestic in the school-boy stories
When I was very succulent and tender.
  Alas! — the illusion of the past no more is!
The Appian Way resembles what I read about
As a small apple does a giant's head, about.

A sort of country lane or city alley,
Fifteen feet wide,— ridiculously narrow,—
Without a grade, winding along the valley
And o'er the hill. It fills my soul with sorrow
To say the sort of thing that doesn't tally
With books of travel that you buy or borrow;
But a more pinched-up street is trod by no man
Then this famed thoroughfare of the noble Roman.

And this is where the chariots used to spin!
I gaze and wonder how they struggled through it.
The chariot, I reckon, must have been
A mere wheelbarrow with a horse hitched to it,
Else when two tried to pass each other in
This "Queen of Avenues" they couldn't do it,
And charioteers would get in trouble thereby.
[They had more than a hundred gods to swear by!]

The languid youth who drives our steed to-day
May be descended from imperial Marcus;
And the said steed, (spite of appearance), may
Be slowly pumping through his Gothic carcass
The blood of old Bucephalus. But, say,
If racers traveled in yon ancient circus
Like this, they must have got along the ground
About two statute miles an hour, and found.

. . . . . .

Come to the King of Hills, the Palatine,
The Palace of the Cæsars still is buried
Beneath its dahlia-garden, hedge and vine;
But excavation has been onward carried
Till we can say "Here did Augustus dine;
Here Hadrian slept; here was Domitian married;"
And Shakespeare Wood the very corner showed us
Where the assassin-patriot slew Commodus.*

* The Roman Emperors did not show a great deal of versatility in the method of their departure from the planet. Tiberius was murdered. So was Caligula. Claudius was poisoned by his wife. Nero committed suicide. Galba, after a reign of only seven months, was put to death by Otho, who, being vanquished by Vitellius, stabbed himself. Vitellius, shortly after becoming Emperor, was tortured and his body flung into the Tiber. Titus was poisoned by his brother Domitian, who was slain by his wife. Thus nine, of the first ten, emperors died violent deaths within forty-four years. Succeeding reigns were scarcely more peaceful. Commodus was strangled. Pertinax and Didius were put to death. Geta was slain by his brother, Caracalla, who was slain by Macrinus, who, with his son, was beheaded by his own soldiers. Heliogabalus was put to death by the people. Alexander Severus was murdered by Maximinus, who was slain by his army. Gordian I. strangled himself, and Gordian II. fell in battle. Pupienus and Balbinus were murdered by the Prætorian guards. Gordian III. and Philip I. and II. were murdered, the last mentioned being an infant in his mother's arms. Decius was drowned, and his son killed in battle. Gallus and Volusianus were murdered by Æmilianus, who was himself slain within four months. Valerian was taken prisoner by the Persians and at length

Down winding stairs and galleries we grope
  Where they have burrowed through accumulations,
Hall below hall, down many a somber slope,
  The level of the latest excavations.
Here Nerva cast his pagan horoscope,
  Here Claudius Cæsar wrote his proclamations;
Old scenes revive, heroic, bloody, tender,
Through three-score acres of this ruined splendor.

---

flayed alive, and his son Galienus was assassinated. Aurelian committed suicide; Aurelianus was assassinated by his army. Tacitus Florianus, Probus, Galerius, and Maximinius died loathsome deaths. Carus was killed by lightning. Carinus and Numerianus were assassinated. Maxentius was drowned in escaping from Constantine, and Licinius was put to death by Constantine. Flavius was murdered by Maximinianus, who was strangled in Gaul. Constantine II. was slain, Constans was murdered, and Jovian was smothered in charcoal. Julian was slain by an arrow. Procopius was tortured to death; Valens was slain in battle; Valentineanus I. ruptured an artery in a rage; Valentineanus II. was murdered; Valentineanus III. was murdered, and Gratian was murdered by his general, Androgathius, who drowned himself. Mauritius was murdered, with all his children, by Phocas, who was assassinated. Constantine III. was poisoned by his stepmother; Constans II. was assassinated in his bath; Justinian II. and Leontius were dethroned and mutilated; Constantine VII. was poisoned by his daughter-in-law, and Maximus was stoned to death.

Gloomy and weird, magnificent and vast,
The Lupercal was here among the larches
Now haunted with the specters of the past.
Emperors have stood within these mighty arches
And heard the dreadful Alaric's trumpet-blast,
Or watched the army in its homeward marches
With royal captives from the northern nations,
And Persian flags and plunder of the Dacians.

How through the corridors and o'er the scene
The spirit of the vanished glory rushes!
And, all this time, Will Bates and Miss Lavine
Are sitting on a bench among the bushes
Up in the garden. "Nothing to be seen,"
They say; "We'd rather listen to the thrushes."
The same old foolish story still repeating
Where once the great heart of the world was beating!

A soldier saunters through the frescoed halls
And every minute keeps his eye upon us,
In royal baths, along mosaic walls,—
'Tis pleasant to have such attention shown us,
And so I tell him — these are casual calls,
Would he thank Humbert for the honor done us?
[We both speak French, but he can't understand it;
I think he takes me for a Turkish bandit!]

I pick up something very old and yellow
And so peculiar that it makes me wink;
A bony fragment of some ancient fellow —
A vertebra — most necessary link —
And then I hear a plaintive voice and mellow,
"Pardon me, sir! But you have found, I think,
A portion of my osseous anatomy;
The sexton was so careless as to scatter me!

"My name was Curtius"—"Ah! I've heard of thee,"
I interrupt, "though Bœdaker and Murray
Ignore thy name; and it appears to me
Thou suicidedst in too great a hurry.
I prize this vertebra, but as I see
That my possession of it makes thee worry,
And as a find is different from a purchase,
I give it up — I would not be dis-Curtius.

"Speak — messenger invisible and dread!
How came thy broken back-bone lying out here?
Why, more than eighteen centuries have fled
Since that thou wast philandering about here,
When virtuous Octavia's tears were shed,
And bad Caligula was prone to spout here.
Say! Didst thou see young Cassius trot to school,
And Cicero ride by upon a mule?

"Didst hear the wizard Virgil read his verses
In his fair garden on the Esquiline —
The sorcerer's voice more magical than Circe's
Sweetly attuned by the melodious Nine?
Didst hear pugnacious Pompey's muttered curses
When Julius Cæsar conquered Palestine?
Were Lybians unfaithful to Mark Antony?
And did the charming Cleopatra paint any?

"Wast thou acquainted with the lady, Colonel?
And is it true that with her magic spell
The Queen achieved about one mash diurnal?
Three emperors on a string! And death befell
Those victims of her loveliness infernal.
I wonder if the useful asp got well.
In love and folly, intrigue, war and crime,
The prize was Cleopatra's every time!

"Speak, awful specter! O, why don't you answer?
Tell what thou know'st and satisfy this yearning.
Was Agrippina such a ballet-dancer?
Was great Augustus really fond of learning?
We know that Nero was a necromancer,
But *did* he fiddle when the town was burning?
If Galba told the story with veracity,
It shows an uncommendable vivacity.

"O, scrape thy bones together and come back,
And witness our inventions: chariots dashing
From sea to sea upon an iron track,
And news of love and trade and battle flashing
From land to land; the busy clack-a-clack
Of giant looms, and the incessant crashing
Of printing presses, putting out the night
And sowing all the waiting world with light.

"Speak, owner of this relic! Not a word?
O, very well! I'll put it in my pocket;
But, wretched mollusk! tho' you're quite absurd,
When your name they encounter on the docket,
Come back to me, (if 'tis as I have heard,)
And bring the next bone fitting in its socket.
I'll yield this to the Court of Last Resort
If you shall need it for your own support."

. . . . . .

All honor to Napoleon Petit!
For ancient Roma was an unknown land
A score of years ago. The fanes that we
Bow down before, his strong and liberal hand
First rescued from their grave of vile débris.
Antiquity came forth at his command
And dropped its earthy mask, and showed its face
And goodly form — its majesty and grace.

For him the Palace of the Cæsars bounded,
Naked and huge, from out its tomb Farnesian;
For him the Baths that Caracalla founded
Revealed their trophies—Goth, Byzantine, Grecian;
For him the Colosseum showed its wounded;
For him the far-off walls of Diocletian
Stand as a witness; e'en the Roman Forum
Assumes its classic garb — *more majorum.*

On Tiber's bank, his gracious enterprises
Almost off-set his crimes upon the Seine.
Under his touch the buried temple rises
And the dead ages creep to life again
Greeting the old explorer with surprises.
The mummied marbles wake along the plain
Where, in the days of glory, Spurius Lartius
Rallied the legions on the Campus Martius.

. . . . . .

No traveler has had a glimpse of Rome,
Unless his eye has taken in the sweep
Of panorama from St. Peter's dome —
The miles of ragged roofs where sluggards sleep
And sin and squalor make themselves a home.
The well-fed shepherds and the famished sheep
Are numerous wherever you may cast your
Vigilant glance along St. Peter's pasture.

The vast Basilica* of the Apostle
Is less imposing than the book's description;
Its uniform proportions are colossal,
Which seems to aid the singular deception,
And all our notions of dimension jostle.
If you would get an adequate perception,
Climb to the dome and watch your friends below,
Like flies along the marble creeping slow.

"Who built St. Peter's?" Poverty and Sorrow!
With such tremendous wealth of wretched doles
As Piety could beg or Pride could borrow,
Closing the bargain for their haunted souls
Against the dread, mysterious to-morrow.
By such a largess Ignorance cajoles
Its mercenary gods and shuns perdition;
Grand monument of Fear and Superstition!

Blest be the coming day, when haggard Want
No more shall rear its temples to the sky;
When subtle priestcraft, with its dolorous cant,

*What means "Basilica" all travelers ask. It marks a spot where Pagans met together to preach, to traffic or to work some task in wood, or travertine, or brass, or leather, or where the rustic Wiggins wore a mask and glibly prophesied about the weather! This temple, consecrate to Jupiter Ammon, is where the brethren met to worship Mammon.

No more shall scare the peasant, toiling nigh,
No more shall filch the bread from Hunger gaunt,
Or rob the naked hearth of Penury,—
No more shall scourge the earth and fill the tomb
To make these architectural lilies bloom!

We spent one morning in the Vatican;
Too evidently we were not expected.
We were all sovereigns, and that Holy Man
Pope Leo XIIIth, 'twill be recollected,
Was just dethroned, on the Italian plan;
So our inferior in rank reflected
That it would be polite to let us leave him,
Instead of asking if we would receive him.

Statues we saw, however, miles on miles,
Bequest of skill and leisure, wit and folly,
The memory of two e'en now beguiles—
A "Junius Brutus," lean and melancholy,
And a fat "Cassius," aureoled in smiles,
A trifle overfed and very jolly.
I think the sculptor must have had the rabies,
Or else some Buttercup had mixed the babies.

. . . . . .

For three nights, now, they've had a "tournament" (wrestling and running) in Herculean

Hall; our party was unanimous and went, because, of course, we want to see it all. A tame beginning and derisive ending!

The very weakest and most flabby foeman ever in any tournament contending in any struggle, is the modern Roman!

Suddenly, hovering o'er the judge's stand, appeared alone last evening a new comer; a ghostly figure from an ancient land:— 'twas old Achilles, sung about by Homer. Greaves on his legs, the cestus on his hand, his lips moved quickly and his keen eye glistened, and, as Euterpe hushed the brazen band, the hero spake and all the garden listened:

"By Agamemnon!" [He was very mad.] "Shades of old Menelaus and Ulysses! Shrimps of the Pontic Sea!—it is too bad! I never saw as mean a show as this is! Enough to make a Trojan buffoon sad—enough to make a Spartan sage disgusted—who knows how Hector used the legs he had, and Ajax Telamon got up and dusted!

"You call 'em legs—those pipe-stems trimmed in blue? They're spindle-shanks, uncommonly curvated. That athlete stoops — a bean is in his shoe; that thing in pink tights is inebriated. That one in green presents a sickly hue; the next is lame and wabbles like a gander.

"It makes me think—by contrast, it is true —of how we fought the gods above Scamander.

"O, Jupiter! How could Patroclus shake these wilted manikins in starch and leather! And ten of them would old Tydides take in his right hand and crack their heels together.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! It is enough to make a mummy laugh! These athletes weak and jaded. Ha h—a! I have been long enough awake. Now let me die again, and let me stay dead!"

. . . . . .

All of the denizens of modern Rome worship the sun — the shrine of Zoroaster. In camp, and field and street, — abroad, at home—they prostrate fall before their fervent master, on sidewalks, under carts, in curious places; they turn their backs upon him when they pray and shut their eyes and lie upon their faces three or four hours of every working day.

. . . . . .

At last the Catacombs! No emerald waves
Of grass and daisies ripple overhead;
Each crumbling skeleton concealment craves,
Snuggled upon the shelf that is its bed.
We walk an avenue of open graves —
A hundred thousand denizens, 'tis said —

Plebeian, noble, priest, monk, Jewish rabbin,
Thicker than bunks in a canal-boat's cabin.

We thread the devious path in single file,
And every pilgrim bears aloft a torch;
We scarcely speak at all; we do not smile,
But earnestly press forward in the search
For unclad skeletons, mile after mile,
And pause anon, and grim initials smirch.
The torches, by the way, are hard, white, bony,
And look like little sticks of macaroni.

The shelves are hewn out, one above the other,
Just at our elbows, upon either side,
(For trouble has made each a cordial brother,)
The streets will average three or four feet wide,
And all the air is close enough to smother.
The rock is tufa — to soft trap allied;
If, therefore, you go in at all, you are,
Quite positive that you go in too-fa'.

When we emerged, Will Bates was heard to say:
"I'll save and carry it home"—(his torch was out;)
Then Miss Dupont inquired, facetiously,
"Why, Laura! don't you wear a hat about?"
Astonished Miss Lavine cried "Goodness me!
I must have lost it somewhere on the route!"

She wildly laughed and said she didn't mind it,
And Bates and I went hurrying back to find it.

It was the Catacomb of St. Calixtus;
And through its labyrinth from place to place
We sped in vain. The crypt of martyr Sixtus —
Not there; nor at the mourning pillar's base.
Eureka! "Here!" Right on the high shelf next us
Was the befeathered object of our chase!
A skull and ribs were in a heap, and on it
Reposed demurely that fantastic bonnet!

Backward we bore it through the blackened shaft,
And, handing it to her, I asked "Is this it?"
"Of course!" she said, then slightly frowned, then laughed —
"I can't imagine why I didn't miss it!"
Then blushing added: "You will think me daft —
This is a most funereal, funny visit!"
Then Will Bates blushed, and snapped the sullied feather;
Then we all laughed uproariously together.

"Oh! Mr. Bates!" said Miss Dupont, "excuse me,
But I see something in your whisker shine."

The Colonel said: "These trifles still amuse me,"
And fished it out — a hair-pin long and fine!
Miss Lavine seized it, crying "You all abuse me!"
And hurled it from her with "*It isn't mine!!*"
It soared aloft, and fell, and lodged within
The sacred tonsure of a Capuchin.

Bates, looking solemn, murmured: "It is queer."
"Oh! *ver*-y!" answered we, with smile satirical,
"Yet," sighed Dupont, "this stuffy convent here
Is just the spot in which to work a miracle!"
Then Miss Lavine laughed, wiped away a tear,
And laughed again — a fluttering laugh hysterical;
And Will Bates whispered, as we walked away:
"Laura! Don't mind a word the creatures say!"

CHAPTER XV.

TO NAPLES.

Rome behind is quickly fading;
  Naples looming in the distance,
Where the songs and masquerading
  Make a bauble of existence,—
A melodious reminder
  Of the microscopic donkey,
The pathetic organ-grinder,
  And the melancholy monkey,
And the beggars stout and hearty,
  And the heaps of macaroni,
Which the members of the party
  Heard about from Barattoni.
Soon shall we be seeing, hearing,
  All this picturesque existence;
Rome behind is disappearing —
  Naples looming in the distance!

GOOD-BY, Rome! We have departed! But we're lost in admiration of the way a train is started from a great Italian station.

Eight conductors in collusion!

No. 1—Locks doors, in order that there may be no confusion in a smash-up or a murder.

No. 2—A big bell rattles; how its brazen voice is growing! Like an auctioneer it prattles, "Who will start it? Going! Going!!"

No. 3—Informs a neighbor that the train is locked and waiting (uniformed and wears a saber.)

No. 4—Perambulating, toots a bugle for a minute—slow-ly——as if time were ended and eternity were in it——sluggish, soft, serene and splendid.

No. 5—A proclamation reads though hoarse with influenza,—reads aloud, then through the station shouts "Partenza! Oh, Partenza!"

No. 6—A banner flutters with a languid show of leisure.

No. 7—The engine utters a wild yell that rends the azure!

No. 6—Rewaves his banner.

No. 4—Retoots his trumpet in a very muffled manner (hinting of a buttered crumpet).

No. 8—Struts down the platform, calm, majestic, light and airy (what delinquent, seeing *that* form, dare request the train to tarry?) and he casually expresses his opinion of the steady-going vehicle, and guesses it is pretty nearly ready!

No. 4—Lets loose the muscles of his mouth upon the sturdy bugle and again he tussles with an overture from Verdi.

No. 1—Now forward rushes, face aglow and footstep hastened, shakes the doors and pulls and pushes, quite surprised to find them fastened.

No. 2—The big bell clatters; still its brazen voice is growing; like an auctioneer it chatters "Who will start it? Just a going!"

No. 3—His hand upraises, (Nos. 1 and 2 approving,) at the engine breathless gazes, and the train—is—s-l-o-w-l-y m-o-v-i-n-g.

Off again, still southward bearing, down the bright peninsula ("all the wicked bandits daring," Betty Bellows tells her ma;) off again the cars are whirling, past the tomb of C. Metella, past the purple smoke a-curling from the Emperor's ruined villa.

Here the aqueduct goes loping, overtaken by disaster; feebly rooted to the coping trail convolvulus and aster. For erecting heavy arches looped along the dry compagña, which the sultry summer parches, Claudius had a dreadful mania. On to Naples, that romantic vision in the silver crescent, and Vesuvius gigantic with its menaces incessant.

Ha! a town! the slow-up whistle; here we'll

pause and buy a bottle of the native wine, for this 'll wet a traveler's dusty throttle.

Up and down the land of Dante hear the myriad voices crying: "Fiascho vino di Chianti!" hucksters for a market vying.

"Woman! Ici! Combien? Quanto! Dost comprenez-vous, O, maiden? Quanto flasko? For I want to buy the drink with which you're laden.—Dame!—Oh!—Allez!—Schnell!—Su via!—Allez! I am in a flurry! C'est trop! Ich will geben sie a—mezzo! Here! Confound it! Hurry!"

Shod with neither shoe nor sandal, see her traffic with beholders, while two tawny babies dandle in a swing between her shoulders. All her tangled tresses mingle o'er her head, and she has crowned it with a square and spotless shingle with a linen curtain round it.

"Quanto?"

Train reluctant lingers.

Point I at the flask I covet.

Holds she up three chubby fingers—"So much for a bottle of it!"

She is stocked with no assortment, but in pantomime we dicker, and I bear to my compartment one flask of the native liquor.

On again.

I sip my nectar—vinegar! and gall and gentian!

Where's that woman? I suspect her of a poisonous intention.

These are crimes the land has blackened. It is sour and I despise it! Happy thought! I'll carry it back and let Doremus analyze it.

No! I'll pass the bottle over to young Percy, who in Florence, I remember, proved a lover of the wines in willow cover which I hold in such abhorrence. He is in the next compartment.

I can out the window hand it, just to show what vinous art meant to the fabricating bandit who has spoilt the grapes and drawn the very sourest wine and poorest, merely to impose it on the unsophisticated tourist.

So I write a loving message—just a pair of chaffing verses—to accompany its passage from my window into Percy's:

"Here, bibulous profligate, drink it.
'Tis this whose delights you have chanted!
I haven't a doubt you will think it
The richest wine ever decanted.
And when it has killed you, 'twill calm you
To know that we'll take you to Scio,
In costliest spices embalm you
And pack you right off to Ohio.
No need to remark you went off in

Extravagant love of the beaker,
For all who collect at your coffin
Will murmur 'of course it was liquor!'"

Then I take a long umbrella; tie the flask and missive to it; raise the window next the fellow; gently put the parcel through it.

He, while gazing at the cattle, o'er the level meadows browsing, and, half listening to the prattle of his comrades, falls to drowsing; but he's startled by the rattle at his window, and, arousing, quick relieves me of the burden.

I pop in and shut the window, smiling as the men of sin do, who've bestowed a deadly guerdon.

. . . . . .

Horror!!

Who has got the wicker-flask the cunning hag assigned me? Now my pulses flutter quicker, for the Bellowses remind me that I forward passed the liquor.

Percy's in the car behind me!

Half an hour I sit embarrassed; wonder, in a daze unpleasant, if the man is greatly harassed—if he will return the present. Yes!—no!—yes!—a billet lightly on a chamois cane is shaken, very plainly but politely importuning to be taken. Ha! my next-door friend is angling! It were churlish not to heed it, at my

open window dangling, so I pluck it off and read it:

"I know not who you are, but you are green!
Of all the wines the rolling seas between
This is the vilest I have ever seen.

Any consummate idiot that would
Pick up that liquid for a beverage should
Be made to gulp it down and call it good!

Thanks for the offer to embalm me.
Oh,
It would be very sweet and precious!
Though
If I need burying I'll let you know.

On second thought — excuse me; — I decline!
Because, you see, if your embalming brine
Should prove to be no better than the wine
On which you have invited me to dine,
(But which, I'll wager, never smelt the vine,)
I wouldn't 'keep' to get across the line.
Now who are you?
As for myself, I sign
Yours,
Joseph Weddle.
Newcastle-on-Tyne."

What a mortifying blunder! Now he'll certainly be thinking: "offers that to me! I wonder if the fellow has been drinking and his brain is dull and hazy"; or, reflecting somewhat deeper, he may fancy I am crazy and escaping from my keeper!

This is all because of "coaches," with "compartments" like a manger!

When this trap a chap approaches, he is seldom out of danger—every now and then encroaches by mistake upon a stranger!

. . . . . .

On to Naples, that romantic vision in the silver crescent, and Vesuvius gigantic with its menaces incessant.

Everywhere the lazaroni to the nadir turn their faces; Beppo and his tattered crony to the day-god say their graces, supplicate and sleep and simmer.

All the plain is full of beauty; overhead the hot rays glimmer and the odorous air is fruity. Groves of fig and olive ramble up the slope to ruined castles; glints of green and silver tremble over all the leafy tassels, and the trees are looped together by the lissome vines a-clinging, greenly wed to one another, and the cradled nectar swinging.

O, the weird and whirling shadows, now

retreating, now advancing, in the iridescent meadows of Diana gayly dancing. Hand in hand they circle, reckless how they lose their savory treasures, every green and purple necklace waltzing to the eddying measures!

Bates leans over, and, revealing in poetical expression, depths of sentimental feeling, makes the following confession:

"All these grape festoons remind me of one fascinating Sallie, and a verdant swing behind me in the Housatonic Valley—of a bosky bower enchanted, of a vine all cluster-laden, with unnumbered fairies haunted, where I swung the dainty maiden. Did yon merry sparrow singing down along the brook so shady, in his comprehensive winging ever see the little lady? Even Italy, without her, is quite prosy, I confess it. Let me read my thought about her as I've striven to express it:

"O, russet sparrow, brave and fleet—
O, clamorous gamin of the wave,
Within the fountain cease to lave
And fly upon my errand sweet.

"Shake the moist dalliance from your wings;
Quit the bright Iris of the spray,
And o'er blue waters speed away
To where the Housatonic sings.

"Where leafy lattices above
The cool of lonely lanes unite,
You'll find her rambling — fair as light —
The maiden I am thinking of!

"Her hazel eye is soft and true,
And bonny brown her wealth of hair;
The walking-gown she loves to wear —
Ah! how it fits! — is slashed with blue.

"She seems an ever new surprise;
Her voice has music in its tone
That thrills my soul like Siren's own;
Her face is sweet as Lorelei's.

"Chirp once my name and I'm content;
Then sing unto my pretty queen,
For if you'll tell her whom you've seen,
She'll guess the message I have sent."

"Very good!" I say, "but where is Miss Lavine this blessed morning? If you think of other 'fairies' I will give the lady warning!"

"Ah!" he answers, "do not deem me false and fickle and perfidious; but I fear *she* may esteem me capable of getting tedious, for you know I never leave her; but this morning she

requested me to leave her as a favor, till she 'got a little rested.' "

Fluttering, laughing maidens, big and little, flock at every village, where their fathers, playing brigand, loaded stages used to pillage. And the worldly-minded cattle nibble at the puny grasses, quite unconscious of the rattle of the fiery thing that passes, while a friar, looking worried at the noisy woes that try him, dabs a cross upon his forehead as the dragon dashes by him.

On to Naples, that romantic vision in the silver crescent, and Vesuvius gigantic with its menaces incessant.

Inland, o'er the emerald reaches, loom aloft the purple highlands; seaward, swooning on the beaches, slumber deep the opal islands.

As I gaze a soft mist rises, and a child-face blossoms yonder, and amid the sweet disguises grows a maiden as I ponder; deep and steady eyes of azure all the sky of summer shaming; face effulgent, flushed with pleasure, framed within a golden framing:

My absent daughter — gentle, gentle maid,
Your life doth never fade!
O, everywhere I see your blue eyes shine,
And on my heart, in healing or command,

I feel the pressure of your small, warm hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine!

The birds all sing of you, my darling one;
Your day was just begun,
But you had learned to love all things that grew;
And when I linger by the streamlet's side
Where weed and bush to you were glorified,
The violet looks up as if it knew
And talks to me of you.

The lily dreams of you. The pensive rose
Reveals you where it grows
In purple trance above the waterfall;
The fragrant fern rejoices by the pond,
Setting your dear face in its feathery frond.
The winds blow chill, but, sounding over all,
I hear your sweet voice call!

My gentle daughter! With us you have stayed.
Your life doth never fade!
O, evermore I see your blue eyes shine.
In subtle moods I cannot understand,
I feel the flutter of your tender hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine!

CHAPTER XVI.

NAPLES.

O, cheery town ! — merry amid thy rags ;
Merry thy laughing beggar-boy who tags
  Behind the carriage as it rolls along ;
  Merry thy lazaroni who give song
As each adown the sentiero lags.

Merry thy donkey minikin that wags
His tail beneath the heaviest of jags —
  The midget is miraculously strong,
    O, cheery town !

Merry the flutter of thy faded flags
Above the bay upon St. Elmo's crags ;
  Merry thy lounging, self-forgetting throng,
  Gaily content beneath the heel of wrong ;
Merry thy boys, girls, women, men and nags —
    O, cheery town !

THE street-scenes of Naples are novel: the lord and the lout, the gay and devout, the picture of palace and hovel, the shouting of

beggars about; the sailors from Egypt and Norway; the poodles unshorn, infested, forlorn, the babies that bawl in the doorway as naked as when they were born.

You meet every moment a donkey whose load is as large as would go in a barge, and the sly multitudinous monkey that rides through the city in charge of a solemn brunette from Morocco, whose shirt is a shred, whose turban is red, and perched on his shoulder is Jocko, all thoughtfully scratching his head.

The hill where the city is riding serenely enough falls steep from the bluff, and down it the houses are sliding, like tiles on the slant of a roof, the nesting of swallows akin to; you gaze as you go at the vertical row of the windows above, and look into the tops of the chimneys below. And here in the street are some ladies, dark, freckled and fair, each perched in a chair, (Italian Mauds, Mamies and Sadies,) and barbers are combing their hair. These locks are a marvel of beauty; black, yellow and brown, a luxuriant crown, and each owner thinks it a duty to show off her "suit" to the town.

And yonder three fellows are walking; they languidly mope down the pave of the slope, vivaciously laughing and talking, and each has

a towel and soap. Three statues, as nude as the Graces! No vestige of cloth, but they stick to the path, and Modesty only encases these gentlemen dressed for the bath! They get neither notice nor mention; their garb is complete to the thousands they meet, attracting as little attention as if they were posts in the street.

Vesuvius, yonder, is lifting a fountain of ire from its heart of desire; this noon it was cloudy and shifting, to-night 'tis a pillar of fire that burns with a splendor incessant; the planets grow tame and die out in their shame; the rising moon's silvery crescent is drowned in the billows of flame.

. . . . . .

The Naples donkey is a sorry beast; by farmer, tourist, brewer, beggar, priest, driven to church or court, for toil or fun,—the hansom cab and gondola in one. Forever "loaded to the guards," you'd think the ambulating craft about to sink when it goes staggering along the road, bowed to the ground beneath a four-horse load, the wicker panniers spreading far and wide, bulging enormously from side to side with squashes, tables, statuary, fishes, beds, pictures, macaroni, melons, dishes, brooms, ladders, cats, grapes, mirrors, chairs, and, may

be, among the other furniture, a baby! The hansom cab and gondola in one; driven for work and worship, trade and fun, by pilgrim, peasant, brewer, beggar, priest—the Naples donkey is a sorry beast. Yet in the midst of this I've seen him smile; ungroomed, starved, goaded—cheery all the while!

On wooden horses ranged along the street hangs macaroni, from the native wheat, brought out in armfuls from the mill near by and spread along the poles to bleach and dry; these pipes of Pan and pot receiving there the influence of the circumambient air, and of the circumambient dogs and cats and hens that haunt the macaroni flats. 'Tis sweet to see a dog trot down the rows and amicably touch them with his nose. 'Tis sweet to see the speckled hens draw near, led up the lane by haughty chanticleer, hop to the long poles in the waning light and on the macaroni roost at night! Where is the sluggish heart, unmoved by this pathetic scene of purity and bliss?

The Naples horses, like the Naples asses, are always overburdened; yonder passes a family party which one horse is dragging deliberately, obviously lagging; the driver shouts and goads him rather keenly—and fourteen persons riding there serenely! The harness-gear that holds

him to the wagon is heavy as the armor of a dragon—huge, spiked and metal-plated, altogether a sort of coat of mail of brass and leather. And from the saddle on the back arises one of those sudden and grotesque surprises—a brass pagoda, minaret or spire, quite complicated, three feet high or higher, and at its base a little bell is ringing, and from its top a whirligig is swinging! "What is it good for?" I had often wondered. Good for? Why, when a harness weighs two hundred, another forty isn't much to carry and makes the whole appear so light and airy!

. . . . . .

Last night we read in the *Neopoli* a cablegram that came across the sea; the Feejee Isles had lost their greatest man, for (virtually) thus the message ran: "Lament! His Majesty, Kalonkoo Rex, of Pawpawnii, has handed in his checks." Thus the good cannibals die one by one, and we are sadly left, bereft, undone! Here's to the noble King of Pawpawnii (all join and sing it—in the minor key):

DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

And so our royal relative is dead—
Relieved at last from gustatory labors.

The white man was his choice, but when he fed
He'd sometimes entertain his tawny neighbors.
He worshiped, uttering his "Fee-fo-fum,"
The goddess of the epigastrium.

And missionaries graced his festive board,
Solemn and succulent, in twos and dozens,
And smoked before their hospitable lord,
Welcome as if they'd been his second cousins.
When cold he warmed them as he would his kin;
They came as strangers and he took them in.

And generous! O, wasn't he? I have known him
Exhibit a celestial amiability;
He'd eat an enemy, and then would own him
Of flavor excellent, despite hostility.
The cruelest captain in the Turkish navy
He buried in an honorable grav — y.

He had a hundred wives. To make things pleasant,
They found it quite judicious to adore him;
And, when he dined, the nymphs were always present —
Sometimes beside him and sometimes before him.
When one grew tedious he called her "sweet,"
And told her she was "good enough to eat."

He was a man of taste — and justice, too ;
He oped his mouth for e'en the humblest sinner,
And three weeks stall-fed an emaciate Jew,
Before they brought him to the royal dinner.
With preacher-men he shared his bread and wallet,
And let them nightly occupy his palate.

We grow like what we eat. Bad fruit depresses ;
Good food exalts us like an inspiration ;
And missionary on the *ménu* blesses
And elevates the Feejee population ;
A people who for years saints, bairns and women ate
Must soon their vilest qualities eliminate.

But the deceased could never hold a candle
To those prim, pale-faced people of propriety,
Who gloat o'er gossip and get fat on scandal —
The cannibals of civilized society.
They drink the blood of brothers with their rations,
And crunch the bones of living reputations.

They kill the soul : he only claimed the dwelling.
They take the sharpened scalpel of surmises
And cleave the sinews where the heart is swelling.

And slaughter Fame and Honor for their prizes ;
They make the spirit in the body quiver ;
They quench the Lights. He only took the Liver !

I've known some hardened customers, I wot,—
The toughest fellows — pagans beyond question —
I wish had got into his dinner-pot ;
Although I'm certain they'd defy digestion,
And break his jaw and ruin his œsophagus,
Were he the chief of beings anthropophagous !

How fond he was of children ! To his breast
The tenderest nurslings gained a free admission ;
Rank he despised ; nor, if they came well-dressed,
Cared if they were plebeian or patrician.
Shade of Leigh Hunt ! O, guide this laggard pen
To write of one who loved his fellow-men !

. . . . . .

We climbed Vesuvius the other day. We wound along the margin of the bay for miles, turned to the left, a moment tarried where silent Herculaneum lies buried, crept through antique Resina's narrow lane where still the dregs of classic life remain (the stucco houses, which the "streets" divide, our carriage-wheels just grazed on either side!) climbed the steep lava-waves

that rise and sink tempestuous as a frozen sea of ink poured from the sky upon a mountain's summit and flung again in frenzied torrents from it, and when the waves a hurricane was lashing and down the steeps the cataract was dashing, Medusa frowned,—'twas petrified in air and struck into fantastic sculpture there.

The scoria tortured into countless shapes of leaping lions, tigers, grinning apes, tremendous serpents, camels, alligators, cyclops, laocoön, hobgoblins, satyrs, a sleighing-party (but the snow is sable,) men playing cards around an ebony table, an eagle balanced on a billow's edge, its hunters hid behind an inky ledge, struck motionless long centuries ago, when Paul was preaching in the vale below.

From carriages to cars. The railway line runs creeping up the terrible incline, dragged by a cable—tourists hold their breath before that single strand of life and death.

Again on foot. We climb a narrow pass of crumbly shards as sharp as broken glass, and in a rustic chair each lady rides, up-borne upon the shoulders of the guides, who sway and stagger recklessly about, fall, rise again, but seldom spill her out. The perch is perilous, with that wild crew, as any seat in any birch canoe that any warrior of the wild Comanches upon the rapids

of the Gila launches, or that which Powell and his brave companion rode down the savage Colorado cañon.

At last we gain the mountain-top. The heat hisses and bubbles underneath our feet. The vaporous volleys issue from the ground, and fumes of sulphur cloud the air around; the rocks turn golden all along the path and wallow in a yellow sea of wrath, and where a flame at every fissure scorches we gayly light our alpenstocks for torches.

The twilight falls. The sun has gone to rest behind the watery level of the West; and through the purple shadows of the night a broken cone a hundred feet in height towers in the air a hundred yards ahead, uplifted from the smoking lava-bed, and on its slope, where myriad vapors curl, deep violet banners flutter and unfurl, and from its top there shoots a shaft of flame that puts all meaner furnaces to shame, and leaves the nascent moon a sickly show and lights the mountain-side and vale below.

Shall we press on along the fiery field whose smoking ruins to the footsteps yield?—cross the old crater whose still burning floor seems fragile as the ice when winter's o'er?

No path. No mark to guide the wandering foot.

We leap from crag to crag.

The blue tongues shoot from stony mouths beneath, and red rocks glow, and molten caldrons bubble far below.

We gain the chimney's base. We climb its side, advance four steps, then five steps backward slide, then up again through ashes hot and deep with zigzag progress on the slippery steep, until, at last, through vapors that invest the reeking sides, we mount the dizzy crest whose curtained clouds eclipse the sea remote, and gaze into the chimney's crimson throat.

The forge of Vulcan jars the hollow ground.

The fumes of Tartarus enclose us 'round.

The angry lions of the nether world roar savagely; and, through the crater hurled, masses of molten rocks go hurtling by and rise in stormy volleys to the sky, dropping about us as they fall again, and rolling off in tumult to the plain.

"No danger," say the guides, "in longer stopping;" but *they* dodge lively when the stones are dropping, and seem, while looking for a safe position, quite interested in the exhibition. In fact, considering the missiles flying, the sulphur smothering and heat a-frying, I feel as when, above all earthly trouble, I curled up in that little fragile bubble that bal-

ances upon a flag-staff merely, above St. Peter's dome—uncommon queerly;—as if, although 'twas safe as *any* landing, yet something odd *might* happen, notwithstanding.

So, to myself the solemn words repeating "Good men are scarce," I find myself retreating.

. . . . . .

As in foregoing pages I have stated, or, if not that, distinctly intimated, clothing in Italy is altogether a question of the climate, and the weather. They wear, when the inclement winter hits them, three or four garments, if their purse permits them, but these, beneath a fervent summer's sun, diminish, very frequently, to one.*

This morning early, driving down the strada, we saw a man who evidently had a supreme indifference to the public gaze, for he had halted in the crowded ways, with eager aspect and with mien undaunted, to hunt for something he could not have wanted. He wore two garments, one his chest enclosing, the other one his legs, and, freely posing, calmly removed the latter one of these to prosecute a thorough search for fleas;—preserving neither modesty

* None.

nor grace amid the wild excitements of the chase!

No wonder Michael Angelo and Titian, and all the southern artists—Roman, Grecian—in modeling the human form were bolder and more expert than where the clime was colder, and clothes were commoner, and beauty under the casual veil of decency—no wonder!—just as a native Florentine can speak an Italian tongue more fluently than we can.

In quitting merry Naples let us show it, after the manner of our Good Gray Poet:

Naples, calcareous city of the festive hillside, I salute you!
I come to see you, to embrace you, to write a verse about you.
Palaces of brevet marble, made of cobble-stones and stucco;
Men, gay, gesticulatory and loud-voiced;
Women, children, rushing forth, laughing, joking, kindly elbowing each other,
Clinging to the wall like lizards, to keep from being run over;
Tables ubiquitous, propinquitous, laden with grub to sell,

Oranges, milk, shoes, ribbons, grapes from Posillipo,
figs from the Compagña, glass jewels, olives, wine,
Radiant in the sun !

O, lazarone, lazy loafer, lying on the stone steps
all day, red and frowsy,
Exceeding dirty-shirted, thou art my brother !
O, dark-skinned girl, suddenly stooping and with dextrous finger picking somewhat from thy stocking,
Thou art my sister !
O, cooing infant, head in mamma's lap, while she
vigilantly scrutinizes thy hair,
Baby mine, you couldn't help it !
Youth in primeval garb, who peddlest allumettes
among the ice-cream tables,
Unto whom all trouser is a superfluity and affectation,
The vision fair is joyful to mine eyes !
Barbers scraping their victims in the road,
Women putting up each other's back-hair, under the
very carriage-wheels,
Others chopping watermelon-rind into bits,
And fiercely crying in their native tongue
"For three centimes, eat, drink and wash your
face !"
O, goat ! chewing a pensive cud and pausing at the
front door to be milked ;

O, long-eared donkey, sweet-voiced, convivial, smiling,
Under a jag big enough for an elephant,—
All these attest our human brotherhood!

CHAPTER XVII.

NAPLES TO PISA.

Now we turn to the North our faces,
  Homeward setting our willing feet,
  And count the days till our eyes shall greet
The friends in the old familiar places,
Till we shall join in the old embraces
  And rest again in the vacant seat;
Now we turn to the North our faces,
  Homeward setting our willing feet.

Stoker! mend your delinquent paces;
  Quicken the strides of the slow retreat!
  The South wind rides on a charger fleet
And autumn leaves through the forest chases,
So we turn to the North our faces!

  Again we're away
  In the morning gray,—
From Naples to Genoa through in a day!
Along the plain where the cattle stray,

Where the grape-vines sway
And olive groves in a green array
Their willowy plumes display;
Where prostrate under the sun's bright ray
The lazaroni slumber and pray —
Where fruits all ripen and men decay;
Where the virelay of the chattering jay
Responds to the robin's roundelay.
No longer stay —
Away! Away!
From Naples to Genoa through in a day!
Along the sea whose jeweled spray
Comes up with the tide in frolicsome play,
When the moon commands and the waves obey;
Again along the Appian Way
Where power held sway
For a thousand years, the records say,
And the heart of the world was gay!
Away — away
We hasten and may
No more delay —
From Naples to Genoa through in a day!

Behind us Naples has faded,
The city at once so joyous and jaded,

With fun and sin, and pain and pleasure,
And all in over-measure.
Behind, Vesuvius groans and rumbles
And roars and grumbles
From morn till even,
And vomits its flame to the vault of Heaven,
Displaying a fervor as energetic
As if the god of fire and thunder
Imprisoned under
Had recently taken a strong emetic.
Behind, calm Capri and Ischia lie
Serene as sapphires hung on high
And set in the breast of the tranquil sky.
Behind are naked Pompeian walls,
The splendid ghosts of the ancient halls;
The castles, the Grotto, Pliny's home,
Imperial villas and Virgil's tomb;
And now we're away
In the morning gray,
From Naples to Genoa through in a day!

HOMEWARD faced! What a midsummer tour this has been—it seems like years! Verily, the day when we climbed the Campanile, in Venice, and were told by the distinguished orator of a local guide how "Ze great Napo-

leong" got into the city by strategy and how he climbed up that stairway on a mule, seems at least a year ago, and the time when we followed the footsteps of Roderick Dhu across Coilantogle Ford was so very long since that I can only just remember it. It was some other summer, when I was a boy.

I thought that time pleasantly spent sped quickly, and that hours went with languid footsteps only when they are unhappy. It is not so. We mark its flight by incidents. If sensations crowd each other, they pull out a long perspective as one draws out a telescope. The battle of Cedar Mountain was only two or three hours long, but it seemed a week, for I accidentally got under fire, and eternity appeared to be resting before the artillery on the other side was limbered up and hauled off. I am sure the predominant feeling of every American who travels in Europe for the first time, and must see as much as possible as soon as possible, is that the feet of time are clogged and his wings clipped; that days are weeks, and weeks, years.

Homeward faced, after a pleasant month in Italy. To-morrow we leave for the snow-clad peaks of Switzerland and turn our backs on this sunny, silent, thriftless, lazy land—on Verona,

with a vine-masked amphitheater built as early as the Flavian, and a horse-trough doing illustrious duty as Juliet's tomb; Venice, gray, grizzled, dowerless and discrowned queen of the Adriatic with "a splendid career behind her" —miracle of light and loveliness on a rotting raft of mud slowly sinking in the lapsing wave—city of towers and minarets, and glass gewgaws, and gondolas, and palaces, and a picturesque present and a brilliant past of carnivals, conquests, cruelty and crime; Florence, fair mistress of the Arno, pride of the Tuscan vineyard, cathedral-crowned; Naples, fluttering beggar of the South, hopeful, miserable, jovial, asleep on the hillside in the sun, indolently turning to hunt the furtive flea,—careless and fearless now, but food for Vesuvius by and by; Rome, superb paradox of the age, waking from a nightmare dream of centuries,—death coming from the sepulchre into life and hope, building railroads and invoking telegraphs and electric lights and newspapers and liberty, cleaning its streets, banishing its plagues, proclaiming free worship, establishing the ballot-box, and hurling off the incubus that has sat upon its breast; Pisa,—here we are at last on the northern fringe of this sumptuous "cloth of gold," embellished with an appliqué of quaint old cities, and

to-morrow we leave for Lake Maggiore and cross the Simplon Pass.

We have stopped two hours at Pisa. It is enough. The curiosities of this humble and quiet town are grouped compactly. Her principal show-cards now are the Leaning Tower, the Baptistry, the Campo Santo, and a cathedral full of the artistic trophies of the past and fronted with two colossal lions of Egyptian granite, scarred and wounded.

There is nothing tame or commonplace about climbing the Leaning Tower. Every stair is sloping so that the climber is kept conscious at every step that the structure has lost its balance, and as it supports six enormous bells rung every few minutes, one is very much inclined to hover along the upper side, so that when it tumbles down presently, he will be atop.

The Baptistry is a beautiful marble dome with an elaborate pulpit by Nicola Pisano and a vast tank of red porphyry in the center which was once a bath of the luxurious pagans. The echoes of the Baptistry are the most remarkable we have heard. A light word uttered on the floor is caught up and repeated in musical reverberations till every sentence becomes a song. This melodious result was not forecast by the architects who in the middle ages reared

this thing of beauty, and they were as much astonished as anybody at the acoustic effects of groins, chaptrels and angles whose possibilities they had not understood. Naturally, in those good old times, they attributed it to supernatural visitation, and, for two centuries, it was believed throughout northern Italy that this graceful bubble was the special earthly headquarters of the angels. An angel must be very fastidious, indeed, who would find fault with such a home. The decorations are unique, and the pulpit of marble and alabaster is of such ornate design and lovely proportions that it deems a natural efflorescence—a very lily of architecture. The building has never been used for baptism but once or twice during these six hundred years; it being maintained, with some show of reason, that the place which Gabriel and his brethren had chosen for their terrestrial camping-ground and music-hall was rather too nice a place for the baptism of as foul a creature as the average Italian.

The Campo Santo is the old city cemetery, enriched with shiploads of holy earth from Jerusalem, its walls covered with hideous and revolting frescoes embodying the diablerie which in the earlier ages was recognized as Christianity.

In the Church of St. Stephen the wretched Pisans of to-day flaunt in pride the rags of their former glory. The prows of the ships they captured from the Turks nine hundred years ago are ranged in grim phalanx there, and the ponderous iron chains that were formerly stretched across the river to cut off the commerce are hung up there, clanking a song of humiliation; and three hundred battle-flags that the Pisan army took from the Saracens during the wicked frenzy of the crusaders flutter softly from the old walls, the slave thus emphasizing his present degradation by displaying the robes he wore when he was a king. And when I went out, I was met by twenty beggars at the door, wailing their articulate cries and rapidly patting their mouths with their hands as a sign of hunger; and they went with me, a ragged retinue, to the hotel, over quiet streets through whose pavement the green grass was growing strong, where once the warrior-ancestors of these puerile beggars went out to capture Genoa, or came trooping home with the keys of humbled Florence.

At a street corner, on a high, smooth stone, sits from day to day, a patient beggar, some twenty-five or thirty years of age, holding out his hand and muttering quietly to himself. His at-

tractions are small, for he is not fortunate enough to have lost a leg, or to wear a wen over his ear as large as a dinner basket, or to have a mouth sliced up and down instead of crossways, or to have an eye in the top of his head. He is merely the last of a line of haughty nobles. His blue blood is his entire stock in trade. And so he challenges the passer-by; ejaculating from morning to night, from month to month, from year to year, in a voice whose natural exultation is finely shaded down by modesty,—"I am the last of the Mercuti! I am the last of the Mercuti! I am the last of the Mercuti!" And the brown lizards come down the stucco wall and turn on him an unwinking eye, and the citizens of Pisa relinquish their regular occupation of patting their chins, and gaze at him with pride and awe.

Of the bijoutry and artistic trifles offered for sale in Pisa I have no room to speak;—of the pretty nick-nacks in marble and alabaster and ivory; of the mosaic brooches and rings from Florence, Rome and Venice; of the coral gems from Genoa, and the filigree silver and braided gold from Milan and Turin; or of the strange and uncanny five-legged lizard I saw in a private cabinet, petrified in amber:

TO A LIZARD IN AMBER.

O, bright-eyed swimmer from diluvial seas,
Thou tiny cousin of the plesiosaurus,
What mocking sylph, beneath the cypress trees,
Discarding flies and fleas and bugs and bees,
Embalmed thee for us?

When thou wert darting through a fiery path,
Millions of years ago, with sinuous motion,
Old earth lay broiling in a Turkish bath
And all things wallowed in a sea of wrath —
A sulphurous ocean.

Dwelt thou with man primeval in his lair
On hills Carpathian or desert Lybian?
Or didst thou with the gods Olympus share,
'Mid such high state living unnoticed there,
Thou small amphibian?

Say! Didst thou rest on Agamemnon's grave
When Troy's renowned unpleasantness was over?
Or did glad Neptune fling thee from his cave
When sweet Calpyso kissed beside the wave
Her Spartan lover?

Thy lucent coffin hath a splendid nook!
Above, with saucer eyes and claws retractile,

An owl sits gazing with an anxious look;
Around are gems; beneath, that limestone spook,
The pterodactyl.

Who pinioned thy grotesque and uncouth frame
Within the sunshine of this golden chamber?
Is this the fountain whence the nectar came?
Or, is it star-born — this undying flame
Which men call amber?

Or is this jewel formed of sweet tears, shed
By fair Heliades — Apollo's daughters —
When their rash brother down the welkin sped
Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
In Euxine's waters?

Splay-footed sprawler from the unknown seas —
O, tawny cousin of the plesiosaurus,—
What sportive sister of Hesperides,
In the ambrosia of celestial trees
Embalmed thee for us?

CHAPTER XVIII.

PISA TO GENOA.

The mountains rise like a wall before us
And hang like a phantom o'er us;
Down they slip from a fringe of cloud
To the shore where the green sea shouts aloud
And claps its hands in chorus.
The railway shoots like an arrow through
The granite spurs; now darts from view
And now on wing o'er an airy trestle,
Plays hide and seek
With a barren peak,
Now shakes its cloak
Of fluttering smoke
Where the cataract white
Flings to the wind a ribbon of light,
And now with a muffled, maddened shriek
Salutes the flag of a Spanish vessel.

FROM Pisa to Genoa goes the road by cliffs that are tunneled and gulfs bestrode, where the Appenines stoop and the sea-waves play

and the locomotive is splashed with spray; out of the sun and into the cave that opens its maw by the dancing wave, out of the cave and into the sun, and into the cave till the day is done.

Out!—a little boat nears the shore; a little girl smiles in a cottage door; at the right are sheep on the steep asleep, and off at the left the wild waves leap, and the crags have learned the rackety knack, "Clackaty-clack! Clackaty-clack!"

In!—I wonder who 'twas afloat, and why the maiden was watching the boat. A roar in the gloom of the rushing car: "Waaa!—aaa!—aaa!—aaaaar!"

Out!—We are poised on the airy track—"clackaty-clack!—clackaty-clack!" Above the savage abyss we're hung, and every battlement finds a tongue as through the gorge the echoes are flung, hither and yon and out and back—hark! the bark of a wolfish pack: "Clackaty-clack!—clackaty-clack!"—out of the cave and into the sun, and into the cave till the ride is run.

A mountain-brook from a high rock springs; a bird stands still on fluttering wings; a baby is sleeping beneath a tree, and the sun is white on a sail at sea.

In!—How brave was the brooklet's leap;

How very fair was the child asleep! How sweet was the sun on the sail afar!—"Waaa! —aaa!—aaa!—aaaaar!" Out of the cave, and into the sun, and into the cave till the day is done.

Out!—how purple the clusters hang!

In!—the bang of the angry clang!—"Waa—aaa!"

"Clackaty-clack!" Every rock renews the attack; but a glimpse is caught of a castle high, and a moldy church in a perch near by, and groves of olives that shine between, and a cottage that sits on a slope serene, and a lateen sail at the harbor-bar.

"Waa!—aaa!—aaa!—aaaaar!" Out of the glory, into the gloom, an arabesque shot on a granite loom, where ever and ever the shuttle fills with warp of the cloud and woof of the hills, and the silver thread of the shining rills.

We cleave the mountain and leap the vale; from Pisa to Genoa runs the rail, out of the sun and into the cave that opens its maw by the dancing wave; out of the cave, and into the sun, and into the cave till the day is done!

The darkness falls and the lights come out, above in the sky, below, about, and the train goes staggering, rattling down to startle the sleepy town. Like a falling star from the hills

we flash, and through the gates of Genoa dash, and the people hurry and crowd amain to greet the rush of

THE LIGHTNING TRAIN.

With lungs of iron and wings of flame,
  With nerves and sinews of quivering steel,
With ribs of brass and a giant's frame
  He spurns the earth with an angry heel;
    Through the midnight black
      His eyeballs glare
      With a ghastly stare
    On the startled track,
And he rends the sky with a scream of pain,
A monster grim is the lightning train!

The legend tells of a milk-white steed
  That carried Mohammed from earth to heaven;
As swift as a flash of light her speed,
  And jeweled wings to her feet were given.
    Each leap was as far
      As the eye hath sight,
      And each hoof as bright
    As a blazing star,
And a gleam like the stream a comet yields,
Al Borak left in the rosy fields.

A wonderful arrow was that of old,
That bore Saint Abaris through the land;
It was feathered with light and barbed with gold,
And sped by the touch of Apollo's hand.
With a sibilant song
It cleft the cloud,
That shouted aloud
As it passed along,
And the sea never saw, from its throbbing tide,
A vision so rare as the Prophet's ride.

The Sultan's cap and magical wand
Bore Fortunatus to isles remote;
The talisman took him to every land
And to every sky in an airy boat;
But the shining shaft
From the archer's arm,
Aladdin's charm
And the phantom craft,
And the steed that skimmed the azure plain,
Are all combined in the flying-train.

It devours the forest and drinks the lake,
Then plunges down the wild ravines,
With the wealth of the world on its burdened back;

A sooty man from the saddle leans,
And a murky wreath
Its jaws emit,
As he tightens the bit
In the Dragon's teeth,
And his cheek is swept by the fiery mane—
A monster grim is the lightning train!

. . . . . .

The Simplon Pass is one of the grandest monuments of Napoleon Bonaparte—one of the few useful creations of that cruel destroyer. After he had dragged his cannon over the Alpine precipices and beaten the Austrians in their strongholds, he said to an engineer: "Here! War must be made easier than this. Take as many millions as you need, and bore through the Alps and cut them down, and hang shelves upon their sides, and build an avenue of stone and masonry seventy-five miles long, running from the lowlands to the clouds, and wide enough for two carriages to drive abreast, that shall last forever!" And it was done.

The "Little Corsican" is still held as a sort of demigod through all Northern Italy. Because he swooped down on them and consumed their harvests, and desolated their

homes, and conquered their armies, and filliped the ears of their kings, and dragged off their most promising sons as a sacrifice to his craft and ambition, he is held, forsooth, to have been the saviour of this land! The prevalent feeling towards Napoleon is not merely one of fear and awe; it is one of homage, and even something of reverence.

In the picture-galleries of Genoa, Turin and Milan, the selfish butcher is half deified. His square Corsican face is hung on signs over public houses. His marble bust is resting in private palaces, his marble statue standing in public halls, his bronze figure on horseback prancing in public squares. Half the residences have some representation of the great invader, even the houses and shops of the poor being supplied with Alpine climbing lithographs or colored prints of his notable battles. In a private gallery yesterday I saw a unique picture of Napoleon. The warrior was without coat, vest or other article of clothing, and he had two small and quite inadequate chicken-wings growing out of his shoulder-blades, and two angels were lifting him up on a woolly cloud by putting a hand under each elbow, and there was a dim halo around his head, and he frowned and looked angry. He was evidently seasick and

uncomfortable, and his pendulous heels seemed to be feeling around in the air for a horse. If he had been decorated with spurs, he would not have looked a particle more incongruous in such a relation. I searched in the corner of the painting for the name, but was disappointed. I thought it certainly was an "Abbott," for it presented the same interesting effects in chiaroscuro, the same prolific laying on of deep color for the purpose of idealization, and the same admirable foreshortening of the vices that are discernible in all the Abbott landscapes. But the name in the corner was Italian—Something-or-other-ini,—and he painted it when the Corsican angel was executing his benign mission in these parts. I suppose the poor decorator wanted a contract, and I earnestly hope he got one.

There is a similar fresco on the ceiling of the royal palace at Turin. It is called "The Apotheosis of Napoleon," and represents the same benevolent warrior in the same foggy atmosphere, flanked by a couple of celestial ladies in full evening dress, one of whom is crowning him with a green wreath. He looks uneasy under the operation, and, although his eyes are rolled up, the spectator is not quite satisfied but that he is still plotting mischief.

It is of little use to speak of the innumerable paintings one sees in Italy. No description can convey an adequate idea of them or be of much interest to the reader. But to classify them to some extent may convey an impression of the taste and thoughts of the artists. Such classification shows that the masters of the Renaissance—say from 1400 to 1650—loved to depict the horrible in a detail which indicates that the people of that time had no such sensitiveness to physical pain as exists today. There is a picture of "Prometheus Devoured by Vultures," which many women have fainted at the mere sight of. Judith and Holofernes are done up in every manner the fancy can suggest. Sometimes she is calmly standing with his bloody head under her arm, as if it were a pumpkin or a parasol; sometimes she poises it in her hands as if she were about to bowl it down an alley; sometimes she is vivaciously hacking at his red trunk or sawing his head off as if he were a stick of wood on a saw-horse.

Jael, too, has been done to death everywhere, and Sisera's nail is unpleasantly conspicuous.

John the Baptist's head is exhibited to the sight-seer by Herodius's brutal daughter at every good sized stopping-place, and she always wears a red tunic and a smirk of satisfaction.

The Crucifixion is presented in every conceivable attitude and with every expression of horrible anguish. Sometimes the crucified hangs by one hand, sometimes the body is red with blood, and sometimes it has turned green with decomposition. We saw a wooden crucifix representing the flesh rotting and dropping from the body, leaving only the ghastly skeleton.

St. Sebastian, of course—St. Sebastian everywhere. But the pictures of the arrows impaling him from every side are not particularly unpleasant, for the victim has a quiet smile on his face, and looks as indifferent as if he were merely waiting for the dinner-bell.

St. Bartholomew is worse. It is a tradition of the church that this vigorous disciple was flayed alive by his persecutors, and in two or three pictures he is so represented; but sometimes he is alone and performing that disagreeable job all by himself, holding a carving-knife in one hand, and skillfully manipulating the skin with the other. In one of the great cathedrals we saw him in bronze, and he is holding his entire skin over his left arm, and displaying it as if offering it for sale in the market. On his face is a look of mild surprise.

One large picture shown us represents Job

scraping himself with a potsherd. It may be a Biblical fact that Job was afflicted with an unwholesome disease, and that he scraped himself with a sharp-cornered fragment of crockery; but it does not seem to me that the subject is strictly poetical, and the attitude assigned by the limner to the patient man is certainly not heroic. Almost as bad a subject is Nessus, trying with the utmost agility to escape from the nettles in his shirt.

In the dome of the Cathedral at Florence, as in the Campo Santo at Pisa, is a picnic of demons intended to embody a religious conception of hell. The devils are represented in every horrible form and attitude, and they are pitchforking men into the flames, torturing women with hideous glee, and eating little children as if they were peanuts.

The picture of St. Lucia, who carries her eyes around on a plate in front of her, is not an agreeable sight, especially as the eyes are fixed on the spectator wherever he moves; nor are the two beheaded persons in the Campo Santo who thoughtfully carry their heads in their hands; but worse than these are the paintings of St. Catharine, whose flesh is torn off with red-hot pinchers, and that of the saint whose tongue is cut out and fed to the dogs. There

is in the expression of these the realism of awful brutality.

Job and Nessus are not the only solemn personages who appear—even in great masterpieces—in rather an absurd light. We have seen four fine pictures of "Peter Penitent," in which the sorrowful apostle is weeping into a large, recently-ironed white linen pocket-handkerchief.

In the Barberini Palace we saw a "Venus and Cupid" of delicate drawing and wonderfully soft coloring, and the little fellow lay with his head in his mother's lap, peeping out with an unhappy pout, while the graceful goddess was parting his sunny hair with her taper fingers, and gazing into it with an expression of anxious inquiry. We have caught glimpses of similar scenes, on the streets, in house-doors, through open windows, on balconies, all through Italy.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN SWITZERLAND.

At Chamouny I woke one morn
Hearing afar an Alpine horn
Upon some glacier to the North,
And thought, although it rained forlorn,
To saunter forth.

There, in the hall, outside a door,
Waiting their owners, on the floor,
I saw two shiny pairs of shoes;
One pair was eights—or, may be, more;
The other, twos.

I wondered who those gaiters wore
That such a look of courage bore;
They seemed alert and battle-scarred,
And all their heels were wounded sore
On mountain shard.

The lofty insteps spurned the ground
As if up high Olympus bound;

The tireless soles were worn away ;
The smooth and taper toes were round
And *retroussé.*

Sudden my envious thought essayed
To count the conquests they had made,
And all their pilgrimages view ;
O'er glen and glacier, gorge and glade
My fancy flew.

I saw them thread the Brunig Pass ;
I saw them scale the Mer de Glace,
And Riffleberg, beyond Zermatt ;
I saw them mount the mighty mass
Of Gorner Grat.

I saw them climb Bernina's height ;
I saw them bathe in Rosa's light
And linger by the Giessbach Fall ;
I saw them grope in Gondo's night,
And Münster Thal.

I saw them find the Jungfrau's head,
And leap the Grimsel gorges dread,
And bound o'er Col de Collon's ice ;
And on Belle Tola's summit tread
The edelweiss.

The vision shamed my listless mood,
Banished my inert lassitude,
And fired me with intent sublime;
I vowed when sunshine came I would
Go forth and climb!

With new ambition I arose,
Blessed the foot-gear from heels to toes —
(One pair was eights, the other, twos,)
And thanked the owners brave of those
Heroic shoes.

TO breakfast then, and, after that, before the parlor grate I sat, and others, shivering, clustered there, and, each one, ready for a chat, drew up a chair. October. It had snowed at night, and every neighboring slope was white, but now the dismal, draggled rain, half blotting out each craggy height, beat on the pane.

From many lands, o'er distant seas, a motley band of pilgrims these, all moved by travel's wild desire; seven nations gathered at their ease around the fire. All strangers, yet acquainted, too, the captive guests together drew, ready for song and dance and games and laughter, though they scarcely knew each other's names.

A curate from an English town; a Massachusetts doctor (Brown); a barrister and wife, named Sharp, from Aberdeen—he played the clown, and she the harp. A corpulent Chicago man and his two daughters, Jane and Ann; (the names were plainer than the girls, though they were on the midget plan with yellow curls,) and his two nephews, lively chaps, who mounted havelocks on their caps and climbed beyond the Grand Mulets, with alpenstocks and other traps, in half a day. From Russia, Germany and Spain, the graceful, awkward, handsome, plain, within this ample shelter caught, huddling impatient from the rain, diversion sought. We read, recited, danced and sang, (drowning the cracked piano's clang;) the humble pun was not debarred; all the conundrum-changes rang, and then we heard Will Bates quite solemnly rehearse a playful bit of tragic verse —a visit to the Mer de Glace that caused a party to disperse—in grief, alas!

A man from Cincinnati,
Charley Farley, short and fatty,
Though clever, never went to riding school, school,
school,
So he said, " For a diversion

I will mount for the excursion
A roly-poly slowly going mule, mule, mule."

A mule all melancholy
He selected, and was jolly,
And, laughing, chaffing on its quarter deck, deck, deck,
Exclaimed: "He's lazy, surely,
So he'll carry me securely;"
And the idle bridle swung upon its neck, neck, neck.

The loud procession started,
Cheery-voiced and merry-hearted,
But Charley barely managed it to ride, ride, ride,
For the mule was so provoking,
That its nose it kept a-poking
At the growing, blowing posies by the side, side, side.

He shut his eyes and shuddered,
As it stretched its neck and foddered,
On larger verdure hanging from the crest, crest, crest,
Or leaned far out to show him,
Where, a thousand feet below him,
A regal eagle wheeled above her nest, nest, nest.

Fair Sadie rode before him,
And the sight of her upbore him,—

A sweet Elysian vision in the track, track, track ;
By her his hope was heightened ;
When he was badly frightened,
The lady Sadie kept a smiling back, back, back.

His fear was getting deeper,
As the path was growing steeper,
And woful rueful seemed the mule to him, him, him,
A wild carnivorous creature,
Tiger-like in every feature,
As, willy nilly, up the slope they clim, clim, clim.

The playful mule that carried
Charley Farley often tarried,
To dally o'er the valley and to think, think, think ;
Down precipices gazing,
Where distant sheep were grazing,
He put his footies boldly on the brink, brink, brink.

Now Charley felt a shiver,
Sending through his soul a quiver,
A breezy rushing, brushing very near, near, near,
Aha ! the mule so gifted,
With frisky heel uplifted,
Had kicked a—flicked a—fly from off his ear, ear, ear.

A twitch upon the bridle,
Made him wheel with sudden sidle,
Till o'er the ledge's edge his awful tail, tail, tail,
Just back of Charley Farley,
Dangled perpendicularly,
Right over clover blossoms in the vale, vale, vale.

"Please don't!" said Charley, closing
Both his optics, as if dozing, [fraid,"
"Good muley! don't! for truly I'm afraid, fraid,
The muley heard and started;
Down Montanvert he darted,
And on his back his jacky's ears he laid, laid, laid.

In an hour that muley sable,
Walked into the Chamouny stable,
Without a guider, riderless and free, free, free,
And Sadie, glancing over
The abyss discerned her lover,
Where the cruel muel flung him in a tree, tree, tree.

Unconscious when they found him,
With rum poultices they crowned him;
They swathed and bathed and cooled him in the
spring, spring, spring,

With laudanum they bound him,
But he noticed nothing round him,—
For crazy days he didn't know a thing, thing, thing.

At last, when he recovered,
He remarked, as o'er him hovered
Lady Sadie: "When again I ride a brute, brute, brute,
You may bet your bottom dollar,
I will hitch him in the holler,
And on the gravel travel on a foot, foot, foot."

WILLIAM TELL.

Heroic Switzer of Lucerne,
Thy people's chief and intercessor
Who cleft the apple, but, in turn,
An arrow hid for thine oppressor;
Who scorned the bailiff to his face,
And spurned the servile salutation,
Who taught a mountain-nurtured race,
And sped the shaft that roused a nation,
We sing thy noble deeds to-day,
Thou pride of all who hope and suffer,
And unto thee such homage pay
As man to patriot may offer.

No narrow land can claim thy birth; —
  No hill thy home; no race thy mother;
Thou love-child of the fallow earth,
  Thou art the universal brother.
Thy name is borne upon the roll
  Of honor in all times and places,
The bravery that thrilled thy soul,
  The heritage of all the races.

It well may be, as savans say,
  Thou never breathed the breath of mortals
Or dwelt a denizen of clay,
  But through the Orient's mythic portals
Came floating on heroic song
  To help a race its chains to sever,
To rise with aspiration strong
  And stand superb, erect forever!

So let it be! The godlike seer
  Is an immaculate creation,—
The loftiest spirit of the sphere,
  The soul's majestic incarnation,
That leads the feeble hand of man
  Where slavery sleeps or passion rages,
To execute a nobler plan,—
  Divine expression of the ages!

The actual is that which seems;
  Thou wert begotten of immortals,
In some resplendent realm of dreams
  Beyond the legendary portals.
No narrow land can claim thy birth;
  No hill thy home; no race thy mother;
Thou love-child of the fallow earth,
  Thou art the universal brother!

CHAPTER XIX.

ON DECK AGAIN FOR HOME.

Hurrah! we're on the ship at last;
The ship is on the wave
That creeps around the planet vast,
A thousand shores to lave.

The fluent Earth rolls under foot,
The sky scuds overhead,
We see the fitful meteor shoot,
The watery desert spread.

We scan the golden sky above
The prow with vision fond,
Because the birth-land that we love
Is hidden just beyond.

OUR vessel takes wing for the land of the free. Behind us is Europe, beneath us the sea, and ever we feel its majestic unrest, the throb of its pulse and the heave of its breast, as it flings o'er the guards, with the rise and the dip, its savory kisses to moisten the lip.

If tranquil the weather, and friendly the wave lamenting above the magnificent grave that yawns underneath us, entombing its prey, how charming the trip—how delightful the way! All care laid aside and vexations forgot, we scarcely reflect on our fortunate lot, or mark if the vessel be moving or not. We hail the chance stranger, take hand in his game, respond to his stories and call him by name. We gaze o'er the ocean's pellucid expanse; not even the dolphins' delirious dance enlivens the picture—no wave flashing bright; no sea-nymph uplifting a pennon of white;—the dark monster mimics the silence of death; we see his frame shiver; we hear his low breath, as colossal he stretches, all shaggy and dun, serene as a lion asleep in the sun.

But, when grizzly ocean is savage and wild,—when the cook reels and only the steward is mild—we earnestly register various vows that if the carnivorous demon allows our wrath-ridden vessel to drift to the shore, his terrible realm we will tempt never more.

O, how I enjoy the romantic
Atlantic,
When all the fair sea is a-sleeping
And keeping

Our bark on its bosom abiding,
There riding.
A beautiful brooch that now sparkles,
Now darkles,
As Luna uplifts her bright torches,
And searches
For each fleecy truant that ambles
And rambles,
Or chases her flock o'er the meadow
In shadow,
While they dance about their resplendent
Attendant!
O, then is the foam phosphorescent —
Incessant;
We catch in each ripple that dashes
Bright flashes,
In all of the sea's creamy wrinkles
The twinkles —
What fairy that evening can measure
The pleasure?

But, ah! When old Boreas teases
The breezes,
The robe of the shepherdess scatters
In tatters,

And rends all the radiant fleeces
To pieces,
And sets the unsteady old ocean
In motion,
I cannot as well like the antic
Atlantic.

For Neptune's white horse in the valley
Will rally
Like that one that bore Tam O'Shanter
A-canter.
He screams and with terror advances;
He prances,
And plunging with spirit terrific,—
Magnifique!—
Leaps over the hills with a clangor
Of anger
And breaks the black morning asunder
In thunder!
Then, vaulting each watery hummock,
The stomach
Becomes as the day is more breezy,
Uneasy.
Obscured by the hurricane's curtain
Uncertain,

We toss to the sky, but the vessel
We guess 'll
Survive it, for nothing can happen
The Cap'n,
The favorite of Fate, and a stranger —
To danger.

O, turn of the screw! I am near it
And hear it!
O, trough of the sea! How abyssmal
And dismal!
O, dip of the ship! How abhorrent
The torrent!
This going abroad is delightful,
But frightful;
To stay upon land I will ever
Endeavor;
I do not approve of the frantic
Atlantic.

. . . . . .

Our ship is a luminous vision at night; agleam, fore and aft, with the Edison light, behind her a comet a captive she trails, and a thunderbolt sits like a star in the sails.

Reclining, last evening, on deck in my chair,

amid all the splendor and radiance there, the ship rushing on like Eumenides dire and cleaving the dark with a furrow of fire, the Progress of Science enlisted my thought, the marvels the human creator has wrought; and, all the surroundings inviting repose, the breeze fanning softly, I fell in a doze, and dreamed of "improvements" and what would be new a hundred years thence, in nineteen eighty-two:

QUESTION—1982:

Now, papa, tell me truly, did the people use to travel
In steamboats and on railroad cars, on water and on land?
And did they wallow in the sea and drag along the gravel
Like fishes in the river or like lizards in the sand?
Confined to a dead level, they must have had a bother
To keep from breaking down and running into one another.

ANSWER:

They did, my daughter; oft I've heard my father tell about 'em,

And how they used to jump the track and run
each other down ;
But with our levitant balloon we've learned to do
without 'em,
For now we fly around the sky in an etherion,
Like " Queen Celeste," in which we float along the
azure now,
A thousand feet from stem to stern and paddles at
the bow !

But Mary, dear, some other things are quite as full
of wonder :
They used to have a clumsy rig they called the
" telegraph "—
A slow communication between places far asunder —
Its poles and wire and chemicals I'm sure would
make you laugh.
They hadn't harnessed up the will, nor guessed
what power was in it
To hail a distant friend and get an answer in a
minute.

And telescopes ! — why, look at ours ; see what we
are arriving at !
We see our neighbors now on Mars and Mercury
and Venus,

And swap some signals with their folks and find out what they're driving at.
Our microscopes reveal the ways of all the monad genus,
And show us how, spontaneously, the fleas are generated,
And how the bugs and butterflies from nothing are created.

My child, lean out the flying ship; far downward, larboard-looking,
You see the blackened shafts where once the Lackawanna coal
Was spread throughout the land to light and warm and do the cooking;
That was before we learned to bore a thousand-fathom hole.
In every town a hot-air shaft right through the shell of granite
Draws light and heat from out the inner surface of the planet.

What progress we have made! Our biologists have found
The Missing Link of Darwin in the talking ape of Munessey.

And now we know a murderer is mentally unsound ;—
Instead of choking him to death we doctor him for lunacy.
Our philanthropic scientists have proved in many treatises
That crime is a disease, as much as mumps or meningitis is.

At one time people used to kill the sheep and hogs and cattle,
And boil and fry them on the fire and swallow them like savages ;
But now we have our patent rotary food-condenser, that'll
Give every mouth enough to eat, and banish hunger's ravages.
Pour in a pint of nitrogen and mix in the accoutrement
Carbon and salts in appetizing forms of human nutriment.

But let us not be proud. If man, aspiring to the stars,
By his own will succeeds in overcoming gravitation,—

If Brown who visited the moon, succeeds in finding
Mars,
And plants among the asteroids a Yankee signal
station —
Our commonplace inventions will appear so tame,
that many'll
Think us behind the time as we the folks of the
Centennial.

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Afloat are our foibles and follies confessed; of poor human nature the touchstone and test is the sea,* in whose presence our secrets are guessed. As the pastoral swain, with the magical wand of witch-hazel poised in his confident hand, walks zigzag across the impressible land, cajoling the fairies who balance the charm to point out the wealth and betray to his arm the mysteries hid in the heart of his farm—so Neptune, the miracle worker, is fain to tilt his divining-rod over the main and touch all who visit his desolate plain. The talisman strips off the domino worn; of petty disguises the masker is shorn and stands among tourists

* In making a stone of the ocean I mean that judging its surface as frequently seen it looks like a sort of an *aqua marine.*

revealed and forlorn. Diminutive faults that one scarcely would note,—the selfish impulses that look like a mote—grow greedy, and huge and aggressive afloat.

The Doctor's seclusion and silence are comical; of all conversation he's quite economical; he walks up and down with a menacing frown in that sort of study described as the "brown," eats little, smiles never, but nurses his spleen, digesting undoubtedly what he had seen, and nutriment drawing each hour from his inner recesses like ostriches after a dinner.

Miss Bellows has quite disappointed us all; adroitly eluding the tenderer thrall which Cupid brought down on the beams of the moon o'er lake of the Scot and Venetian lagoon. Her lover, though rather loquacious, is sad; he tells us of all the high hopes he has had, and says that the beamy and beautiful light of his life has gone out and immersed him in night. He scorns Arizona and Tombstone, "for she keeps thinking and talking of Charley McKee."

But Laura Lavine is not fickle or cold. Her life is rehearsing the story of old, where the feelings take fire and the fancy takes wing. Upon her fore finger, a scintillant ring whose splendor imprisons the deep of the skies reflects the clear light of her luminous eys. For she

and Will Bates will, in all sorts of weather, henceforth in Life's catacombs ramble together.

To-morrow the Neversink Highlands appear at dawn if the western horizon be clear. To-day we discuss the important event: our people; our country; its growth; its extent; its blood from a thousand red arteries blent; its freedom; its laws; its vast ranges of soil; its wages, a competence yielded to toil; its comforts—a thousand intangible things surpassing the luxuries lavished on kings a century since, but accessible now to all who at Labor's shrine patiently bow; its ballot; its schools; its exemption from strife; its old-fashioned homes and its family life; its chairs, so the nation's activity mocking that even when we are at rest we are rocking; its Food—all awoke at that eloquent word, and every heart's cockles excitedly stirred.

Some nodded when law was the theme of debate; some yawned when it shifted to problems of state; some drowsed when it drifted still higher and ran on the value of home and the freedom of man; some dozed when our country's career was discussed; some slept o'er the fate of religion august; but Food—all awoke as that magical word, the old epicurean memories stirred; the dry cockles thrilled in the traveler's

heart and Consciousness sprang to its feet with a start. The voice waked each somnolent sense in a minute when savory odors of dinner were in it.

Some praised the game, salmon and oysters of home, the apples, pears, peaches and strawberries some, the brown Indian puddings of sweetness untold, and luscious pies quarried from pumpkins of gold, while one of the party thus feelingly wrote of that treasure of Europe,

"THE TABLE DEE HOAT."

In Paris, one day, as I waited for dinner,
I met in the hall Deacon Ephraim Skinner—
I'd seen him on deck in July, when we crossed;
And over a door he read: "'Sally—A—Manger,'—
I shan't go in that room. That woman's a stranger.
Which door—Why, where am I? By Jingo, I'm lost!"
Then, turning to me, "O! Hooray!
How air ye? We met on the boat.
I'd beg you to show me the way
To the table dee hoat."

Well, in we all went in a crowd, and were seated,
Then flipped out our napkins; then spread them; then waited;

Clandestinely yawned; at the clock threw a
glance —
Observed that, save pepper and mustard, no article —
No crumb you could swallow — no edible particle —
Appeared on the spotless and snowy expanse.
But waiters stood round in a row —
White choker and claw-hammer coat —
For that is the fashion, you know,
At the "table dee hoat."

Then come they a-waltzing with soup in their dishes,
And never inquiring what any one wishes,
They pitch them, like quoits, at the terrified guest;
But the soup is ambrosia boiled down from nectar,
The dish that Andromache furnished for Hector;
Of all soups of earth those of Europe are best.
From a seraph's delectable wing,
To anoint the American throat,
Is the preluding sirup they bring
To the "table dee hoat."

Succeeding the soup comes an hour of disguises —
Of mysteries, miracles, guesses, surprises;
You feel like a girl at a masquerade ball:
The costume, if Japanese, Choctaw or Grecian,

South African, Tartar, Swiss, Dutch or Venetian,
Is not any clew to the wearer at all.
You eat, as a fish swallows bait;
But often you haven't a remote
Suspicion of what's on your plate
At the "table dee hoat."

The roast beef is clad in a mantle æsthetic,
A frieze mediæval and dado poetic,
A necklace of beef and a chaplet of leaf;
Potatoes as big as a thimble, all varnished
With resinous gravy — with these it is garnished,
And capped with a plume, like a Chippewa chief.
The strange and preposterous phiz
Is not at all apt to denote
The sort of production it is
At the "table dee hoat."

The garçon brings in little bags on a platter,
And passes around the apocryphal matter;
They look like pink bottles of perfume you see
At druggists, you thoughtfully poke and dissect your
Soft cushion, and eat it, but cannot conjecture
What sort of a compound the bolus may be.
Says Skinner: "Stuffed mice, I'll be bound!
I reckon these furriners dote

On the jiggers that they can fetch 'round
At the table dee hoat."

A waiter strides in with a dignified frown,
And bears on a plate, like an emperor's crown,
A hillock of turbulent, towsled white hair,
Suggesting a blonde John the Baptist, beheaded,
Or the sconce of an Aztec, all basted and breaded
And brought to the banquet of cannibals there.
'Tis only a turnip they tease
And torture and solemnly tote,—
The horrible vision one sees
At the "table dee hoat."

The marrow-fat peas and the meat they divorce;
They make macaroni a separate course;
String-beans, at the dinner, are eaten alone.
"Fetch something," said Skinner, "to eat with my meat!"
They brought him the mustard. He had to repeat;
And then they declined, with a shrug and a groan.
"I'll hev," he insisted, "my meat
And my inions together, or vote
That a regular rascally cheat
Is this table dee hoat."

No little side dishes. No salt in your butter.
But sauces and salads too utterly utter,
And puddings of shrimps, lobsters, pumpkins and snails;
Hens' heads cooked with truffles; peas served in the pod,
With chestnuts and cabbages — everything odd —
And pheasants with feathers still stuck in their tails.
And cockscombs and wattles in pie!
No table, ashore or afloat,
Can in its illusions come nigh
The "table dee hoat."

The wizards of France are the magical cooks;
No guessing what any dish is by its looks,
The senses they cheat in such wonderful way:
An onion, refashioned, appears as a flower;
A hare is transformed to a bird in an hour,
And a peck of potatoes becomes a bouquet.
They make turtle soup out of ham,
A pigeon-pie out of a goat,
And plum-pudding out of a clam
At the "table dee hoat."